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VOLUME LXII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1894. NUMBER 11.

Poetry.

NOT CALLED.

He may be a scholar familiar with books,
In person a model, unrivalled for looks,
An orator, too, like the great Mr. Puff,
But that to our notion is not quite enough;
In language decided the truth must be told,
We think, for our parish, he's rather too old.

For aught that we hear of, he may be a saint,
And none of his errors makes any complaint;
He knows all the canons and rubrics by heart,
And oft to the needy will blessings impart;
But he isn't the shepherd we want at our fold,
We think, for this parish, he's rather too old.

Did you ever learn that experience tells,
And work by a master for full value sells?
You make a mistake when that man you pass by,
And say, when inquired of the reason and why,
In language emphatic: "The truth must be told,
We think, for our parish, he's rather too old."

O, what shall we do when our pastors get gray,
And cannot quite compass the world in a day?
I know nothing else save devoutly to pray
They soon may be called to some region away
Where angels invite to the City of Gold,
And none will refuse them for being too old.

—Tacoma New Era.

THE WINTER STREET.

Silent with star-dust, yonder it lies—
The *Winter Street, so fair and so white;
Winding along through the boundless skies,
Down heavenly vale, up heavenly hight.

Faintly it gleams, like a summer road
When the light in the west is sinking low,
Silent with star-dust! By whose abode
Does the Winter Street in its windings go?

And who are they, all unheard and unseen—
O, who are they, whose blessed feet
Pass over that highway smooth and sheen?
What pilgrims travel the Winter Street?

Are they not those whom here we miss
In the ways and the days that are vacant below?
As the dust of that street their footfalls kiss
Does it not brighter and brighter grow?

Steps of the children there may stray
Where the broad day shines though dark earth sleeps,
And there at peace in the light they play,
While some one below, still wakes and weeps.

*A Swedish name for the Milky Way.
—Edith M. Thomas in Congregationalist.

"RICH MAN, POOR MAN, BEGGAR MAN, THIEF."

Our dear little lass got ready for school
In her just-finished gown so new;
It had puffed up sleeves, and a ruffled skirt,
And its colors were white and blue.

With a happy look on her fair, young face,
And humming the chickadee song,
She threw back kisses for mother to catch,
And went skipping, hopping along.

With sorrowful face, and eyes full of tears,
At luncheon time homeward she ran,
And sobbed out, "O, mamma, please take off this gown
As quick as you possibly can."

"Why, what is the matter, dear child?"
she asked:
"Has it come already to grief?"
"The buttons! the buttons! the school girls say
They count up I'll marry a thief.

"It is 'rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief.'
You didn't put on but just four;
I want to be rich, but I can't unless
You'll put on one button more—

"Then it's 'rich man' again; don't you see, mamma?
And when it all happens for true,
I'll buy the loveliest things in the stores,
And have them sent home here to you."

How foolish it seemed; and yet dear mamma
Sat down with her needle and thread
And put one more button on to the gown,
Just because of what those girls said.

—Susan Teall Perry.

Miscellany.

HARD LUCK OF AN INFANT.

Nobody Would Even Sign for It at the Outset of His Career.

Taking one consideration with another the messenger boy's lot is not a happy one. They are rung up to do all sorts of things at so much an hour, but the strangest adventure that ever befell one of the boys had its location on the West Side. A woman came into the office. She was heavily veiled, as are all impetuous females, and she carried a baby. The manager was out, and one of the boys was there to attend to business.

"I want you to take this baby to — Washington boulevard," she said.

"Write a card, leddy," said the boy.

"You write it."

He received the baby and the woman gave him an extra quarter. It was a well behaved infant, and chuckled at him as he danced it in his arms on the way to the house in Washington Boulevard.

A man came to the door. He seemed surprised.

"Here's d' kid," said the boy.

"What kid?" asked the man at the door.

"D' kid de leddy sent me with."

"I don't know anything about it."

"Here's d' number in the book."

"I can't help that. The baby does not belong here. We have no babies and never had any, and I don't want you to bring any here."

The boy had become tired of shifting his tiny burden, and was about to lay it on the doorstep when the man of the house objected.

"Keep it," he said; "take it away."

"Won't you sign for it?"

"No, I should say not. Go on away, now. I don't care to have my neighbors see this."

The boy stood out in front for a while, and then went back to the office. On the way he was overtaken by two other boys, who greeted him with howls of derision.

"Oh, chee! where did y' get it at?" they asked him.

But he was too much worried to enter into the fun of the thing. When he reached the office the manager was there.

"Here's a kid," said he, placing the baby on the counter as he would have dropped any other bundle. "De man won't sign for it."

The baby began to kick and then let out a faint squall.

"Pick it up!" said the manager. "You'll have to take care of it until the woman comes back. I don't want it."

The boy was sure he had gone to the right number. He had not taken the woman's name, however, and could give no description of her except that she wore a dark dress and seemed to be "all right." Through the long afternoon he cared for the infant. Sometimes he had to carry it up and down or jump it on his knee. The other boys assisted in various ways to entertain the small and blinking youngster. No woman came. That evening the police were summoned, and they took the baby that no one would sign for and put it in a foundlings' home, and from there it went to a West Side lady, who gave it a good home. But they never learned anything more about the veiled woman.—Chicago Record.

Sized Him Up.

Cholly—What did Miss Manly say?
Fweddy—She—she said she would be a bwothah to me.—Puck.

DRAWING BY THACKERAY.

The Village Gossips — Sipping Tragedy and Bohea.

The little Thackeray drawing, which is here reproduced from the current "Atalanta," is a village tea party study which the novelist's daughter not long ago discovered in a forgotten scrap book. It is a design for a larger picture, afterward executed, which is not now in the possession of the family.

Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie says in the little article accompanying the sketch: "My father's love of pictures was almost greater than his love of books—books were work and daily bread; pictures were rest

SIPPING TRAGEDY AND BOHEA.

and holiday. He used to look grave and absorbed when he was writing or dictating; if we inadvertently came in when he was bending over his desk we felt that we disturbed him, and hurried away. But when he was drawing he would call us into his study and show us what he had been about. He used to get us to work for him sometimes, to rub out the wood blocks which he considered failures. I can remember rubbing out his careful drawing for that week's Punch, on one occasion, in my anxiety to be of use. He used to draw us and our friends, or extemporize models at times with chairs and shawls and sofa cushions. He used to alter his work, and erase it, and paint and repaint it. He was rarely satisfied with his drawings, but I think he was happy all the time, and it is still a satisfaction as we look at the sketch books my father has left—the countless drawings and designs—to feel how many peaceful hours he must have spent upon them. He had much trouble and a great deal to bear with during his life, but while he was drawing I think he put it all away, and realized, as he beyond most people could do, what there is always in the world besides care and besides anxiety.

"A book of my father's drawings, published only a few years after his death, contains a preface written by myself, from which I venture to quote a sentence concerning his sketches: 'The pictures were rarely preserved by himself or put away with any care; the familiar stream flowed on, loved but unheeded by us, and among the many drawings he devised only a certain number remain. In all my remembrance he never had one of his drawings framed. When I was a child I remember a great scrap book full of them, which was given me to play with and work my will upon. I can only once remember a questioning word of his concerning some actor points with which I had rnamented some of his sketches. * * * but although he certainly never wished us to make much of his work, and was almost morbidly afraid of overrating anything he did, all that belonged to his art was a vivid and serious reality to him, and of unfailing interest and suggestion.'"

TYPES OF FEMININE BEAUTY.

From an Italian Point of View the Spanish Lead.

Signor Paolo Mantigazza, the eminent Italian man of letters, who has been giving his opinions on the women of the different countries he has visited, awards the palm for beauty to the Spanish women says a writer in the New York Sun. He sums up their character as very "religious, very ignorant, very jealous, sensitive, idle and proud." French women he declares to be "amiable, dreadful coquettes, and generally false." The women of Germany are described as the best educated in Europe, good natured, industrious, splendid housekeepers and mothers. The Italians are praised for their modesty, but condemned for their sentimentality, ignorance and tendency to falseness. But of English women he writes in glowing words: "Beauty itself. Her hair is like gold. She has heavenly eyes, a peachlike complexion, a delicately formed nose and good teeth. She is reserved, a little hypochondrical, very active, and generally a slave to etiquette."

The gallant Italian critic should come to America and see the perfect woman, symmetrical in character and rich in common sense, which is the active principle of genius; beautiful in face, with a better dignity than the British maiden's geometrical conventionality; glowingly independent and essentially feminine. The only trouble the Italian man would encounter is that she is so bewildering in her individuality and frankness that she cannot be classified under any stereotyped formula, but is just herself and unlike any other woman on the globe. The reason why? Because the American man in chivalry and respect and decency gives her room to blossom according to her own sweet will and way, without fear or favor, as the power which fashioned her designed, to the full gloriousness of womanhood.

AHEAD OF THE COWCATCHER.

How the Electric Headlight is Now Used on Numerous Railroads.

The electric headlight is now used on many railroads, and W. B. Sparks, who is interested in a Southern road, recently told a writer for the Pittsburg Dispatch that his company had found it a very profitable investment. The lights cost about $375 each, fixed on the locomotive, and they cost no more than the oil light to maintain. The old headlight would not throw its light on a very dark night more than 150 feet, and it is impossible for an engineer to slow up his train in that distance, even with the emergency brake. Quite an item in the expense of the road used to be claims for cattle killed. During the rainy season the lands along the line of road become very wet—in places they are entirely covered with water and the cattle come upon the track seeking some dry spot on which to sleep. When the old headlight was in use as many as thirteen cows have been killed at one time and the damage claims have sometimes amounted to over $1,000 per month. Now the electric light throws its rays from half to three-quarters of a mile in front of the engine. Obstructions can be easily seen at that distance and some of the engineers insist that a switch disk can be more easily made out by it at night than in the daytime. The lights, moreover, do away with switch lights which is quite a saving to roads that use them to any great extent. Mr. Sparks says that the engines using the electric headlights on his road have never killed a cow, and he is confident that the saving in stock claims alone will more than pay for all the headlights on the road within two years.

Has Them All.

A well-known writer of humorous prose and verse was talking with a bibliomaniac a day or two ago, when the latter said;

"By the way, I am collecting first editions of American authors. I want to add your first book to my collection. Have you any copies of the first edition?"

"Yes," answered the author, "I have all of them."—The Critic.

Salvation Army in the South.

In some parts of the land the Salvation Army does not meet with a very friendly reception. But a Southern correspondent in the War Cry says that the people down there "know how to behave" in the army meetings. Jacksonville, Fla., is an especially good field. Open-air meetings are the hobby. Even midnight outdoor services are largely attended—in fact, most of the funds are obtained from these street meetings. But while the people show respect for religion, there are not the number of conversions they would like to see.

Good vs. Evil.

According to recent statistics the defalcations of one year amounted to $8,000,000. 'Tis a heavy aggregate and sad to contemplate. But in the other side of the balance we put these figures. The gifts to education and religious objects for the same year are set down at $29,000,000—almost four times better.

So Unkind of Her.

Mr. Greylocks—Will you marry me, Miss Flypp?

Miss Flypp—I am sorry, Mr. Greylocks; but I can only be a granddaughter to you.—Judge.

MARK TWAIN'S GUARDIAN ANGEL.

George Washington Has Always Been His Model From the Cradle.

At the dedication of the new town hall at Fair Haven, Mass., on February 22, Mark Twain delivered a humorous eulogy of Washington, in which he said:

"It was a pleasant and patriotic thought to dedicate this building and confirm this place to Fair Haven on this natal day of Washington. George Washington, first of Americans; George Washington, the father of his country; George Washington, the father of those who cannot lie. The family has dwindled a good deal. But I am left yet, and when I look back over the waste of years and call up the faces of the others and know that I shall see them no more in this life, and that I must remain now solitary and forlornly conspicuous alone, the last, the sole remnant of that old noble stock, it makes me feel sad, and, oh, so lonesome. What I owe to Washington no words of mine can tell. He was my model from my cradle up. All that I am, morally speaking, I owe to his example. Even in my tenderest youth his spirit was ever near to guide and succor me.

"The first time I ever stole a watermelon in my life—I think it was the first time—it was the thought of Washington that moved me to make restitution, restored me to the path of rectitude, made me morally whole again. When I found out that it was a green watermelon I was sorry, not superficially, but deeply and honestly sorry. Then came the thought of Washington, and I said to myself: 'What would George have done if he had stolen a watermelon—a green one? He would make restitution. That is what he would do. And that is what I did. I rose up, spiritually refreshed and strong, and carried the watermelon back to the farmer's wagon and restored it to him, and said the merit was not mine but Washington's. It was Washington that saved me that time. He has been my guardian angel ever since, and has had an active career. I am glad and proud to have an opportunity at least to celebrate his memory and do honor to his noble name."

PRETTY AND POPULAR.

Lady Carew, an English Beauty With a Boorish Husband.

Lady Carew was known previous to her marriage as the beautiful Julia Lethbridge, says the New York Journal, and is infinitely more popular and charming in every way than her diminutive husband. Indeed, notwithstanding his title and estates, she was considered to have rather thrown herself away when she married him in 1888. Lady Carew found a warm admirer in the late Duke of Clarence, who was very fond of her, and who on several occasions visited her at

LADY CAREW.

Woodstown, her place in Waterford. His last visit, however, was brought to a somewhat sudden and disagreeable close by a gross piece of discourtesy on the part of Lord Carew toward the duke. At the conclusion of a meet the duke had ridden back to Lord Carew's house, chatting with the daughter of a baronet who lived in the neighborhood. On reaching the door, he invited her to dismount and stay to lunch. She had scarcely entered the hall when she was met by little Lord Carew, who informed her that he greatly regretted that he could not enjoy her company at his house on that day, a piece of rudeness which took the prince so aback that he permitted the young lady to depart without uttering a word in her behalf. He himself left the house the same day deeply offended. Lady Carew's husband subjected himself to a good deal of ridicule about a couple of years ago when he invoked the protection of the courts to defend him against the persistent attentions of an elderly and unattractive spinster named Miss Flynn, who had become violently enamored of the small peer.

ASSORTED GIRLS.

Miss De Copps—Miss Buntling is very plain, I hear.

Miss Hardheart—Well, she's so homely that her diamonds won't sparkle when she wears them.—Judge.

He—I'm afraid you don't like to have me dropping in on you for these little chats.

She (earnestly)—Indeed, I'm sure your short calls are perfectly delightful.—Chicago Record.

Mrs. Dukane—The newspaper has an article which says that in Russia a spinster is a curiosity.

Mr. Dukane—Well, there's a good deal of curiosity about the spinsters in this country, too.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"That girl's all soul:" so I heard them say.
When a beautiful maiden passed us by;
But I took a different view one day
When I saw her tackle a hot mince pie.
—Bangor Commercial.

Maude—You know that horrid Miss Soullers?

Genevieve—Yes.

Maude—Well, I got even with her yesterday. Invited her to my pink tea and she's a blonde that can't stand anything but blue.—Chicago Record.

First Boston Girl—You were late in coming into church this morning, I observed.

Second Boston Girl—Yes, I was indeed unpunctual. The beans were so extraordinarily good this morning that really I was quite unable for a time to tear myself away.—Somerville Journal.

Miss Modderne—There goes the man I'm going to marry.

Jeannette—Why, I know him well; he never said anything to me about it.

Miss Modderne—Oh, he doesn't know it yet himself.—Chicago Record.

Kitty—Tom is down South this winter, and he has just sent me the loveliest little alligator you ever saw.

Ada—How are you going to keep him?

Kitty—I don't know; but I've put him in Florida water until I hear from Tom.—Life.

Philosophy.

"Wimmin," said Mr. Grogan, "is moighty similar in wan way."

"An' fwhat's thot?" inquired Mr. Hogan.

"No matther how minny av thim you git acquainted wid, they're all alike in bein' different from wan another."—Indianapolis Journal.

Brazilian Shooting.

Brazil is death on maidens now,
And it is shown by this,
That every time they shoot down there
They always shoot amiss.
—Detroit Free Press.

This Salesman Had Tact.

Lady—Are you sure this is genuine breakfast tea?

Talented Clerk—Well, madame, I had some of that tea at supper last evening, and I dreamed all night that I was dining with the Prince of Wales.

COSTLY AND CHIC.

A Combination of Satin and Lace That Was Very Effective.

Claret-colored satin and rich yellow lace make a combination not to be despised when they are rightly put together. They were rightly put together on a reception dress worn the other afternoon. The bodice was smooth-fitting, and had a

wide vest of the lace, ruffled and jabotted in bewildering prettiness. The gathered collar fastened in the back and stuck out in ends a couple of inches long, which is the latest somewhat absurd decree concerning collars. Beneath the long basque of satin, a basque of ruffled lace fell for about four inches. The skirt was trimmed with a ruffle that started in two bows high up on the front seams.

FOR SUDDEN TOOTHACHES.

Read This and Remember It When You Are Racked With Pain.

Toothache is a little thing in the books, says the Medical Record, but many physicians would rather meet a burglar at the door on a dark night than a call to cure a bad toothache of several days' continuance. A hypodermic of morphine only postpones the evil day, and usually the patient is respectfully referred to the dentist. The tooth should not be extracted while the jaw and gums are inflamed and the latter swollen, and it is a physician's duty to treat the case until the above conditions are removed. Always keep a small vial containing the following mixture: "Chloroform, gtt. x.; glycerine, gtt. x.; sat. sol. ac. carbol., gtt x.; morphine, gr. 1., with a small wad of absorbent cotton. If the offending tooth has a cavity or decayed surface saturate a small pellet of cotton with the above mixture and put into the cavity or against the decayed surface, as the case may be—never pack the cotton in or the more is the trouble, but have the pellet small enough to enter without crowding. In most cases this will end the trouble.

When the gums are swollen and tender paint two or three times, two minutes apart, with a 4 per cent. solution of cocaine. This time of year your patient may have been eating a good deal of fruit. The tongue and mucous membrane of the mouth are pale, he has a sour stomach, and next day the toothache will return. Give 10 grains of sub-carbonate of bismuth and 10 grains of phenacetin at once and a smaller dose before each of the three following meals, with a laxative if needed, and to stop all fruit for a few days, and it will not return. The same powder every two hours with cessation of fruit-eating will stop the persistent, tormenting neuralgias so prevalent at this season.

A JAR OF COLD CREAM.

How It May be Made Economically at Home.

The basis of cold cream is always mutton tallow. You can get this at the butcher's, and if you tell him what it is for he will select some very fine tallow. Cut the tallow into bits and put it into a saucepan without any water. Set the saucepan into a jar of boiling water, and let all remain until the fat is thoroughly "tried" out of the tallow. Strain through a fine sieve, and while it is still warm stir in a teaspoonful of the essence of camphor to every cup of tallow. Next a tablespoonful of your favorite perfume and stir until all is a sweet smelling liquid. Before it has had time to cool, pour in a little toilet jar and set upon the ice over night. It will keep indefinitely, and will be found one of the best remedies in the world for skin that gets rough and "Winter-sore."

THE FLOWERS OF SPRING

Now that Lent has arrived, the obliging milliners have begun to place on view all their stock of Easter bonnets. One of the most springlike creations yet shown is composed of fine black lace straw, nodding of violets, green leaves and a bow or two of violet velvet. The shape is very quaint. The crown is fastened somewhat like a Tam o' Shanter, and the brim, which has

a slight curve downward, is dented and fluted most picturesquely. All the dents and flutings are but recesses in which violets bloom. On just the right young woman this hat is going to look well.

Difference of Opinion.

"Where are you going, my pretty maide?"
"I'm going a-walking, sir," she saide.
"What do they call you, my pretty maide?"
"Margery Leaton, sir," she saide.
"Too pretty to change it, my pretty maide?"
"My sweetheart don't think so, sir," she saide.
—Detroit Free Press.

Talked Too Much.

There was a terrible accident on the road this morning," said the general passenger agent of the S. L. O. and W. railway to his wife.

"How did it happen?"

"Carelessness of a trusted employe."

"Dear, dear. Many people killed?"

"I believe so. But that wasn't the accident. You see, the trusted employe talked about the occurrence so that it got into the newspapers."—Washington Star.

Religion in Germany.

The recent statistical quarterly statement of the German Empire, reports the latest religious data of the country: Germany has 31,029,810 Protestant subjects, 17,674,921 Roman Catholics, 146,540 other Christians, 567,884 Jews and 12,703 without any religious profession. The total population of the Empire is 49,428,470.

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THE LONE INN

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB," "MADAME MIDAS," "THE FEVER OF LIFE," "THE RED STAR," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE ADVENTURE AT THE INN.

If there be aught in presentiments, I was well warned by that first glimpse at the inn. The monstrous bulk of gables, sloping roofs, and lean chimneys hunched blackly against the sky would have scared a bolder spirit than mine. All day I had walked under blue sky, between green hedgerows, with light heart and whistling lip. Confronted in the twilight by so sinister a scene I felt qualmish. Ragged clouds dropped their fringes over sullen western red, around spread the salt marshes, evil in their desolation, and I with chilled blood stared at the lonely mansion dominating the outlook. Here, thought I, an adventure awaits me. The hour, the house, the scene, hint at romance, and that of the strangest.

So much were my spirits dashed by these ominous environments, that it was in my mind to walk the further ten miles and shelter for the night at Marshminster. Yet some fate compelled my unwilling feet towards that inhospitable door, and almost before I knew my own mind I was knocking loudly. It opened while my hand was still raised for the final rap, and a handsome woman presented herself to my astonished eyes. What beauty did among the tombs I know not, yet there she smiled. Though handsome, she was not a lady, and lacked the undefinable stamp of birth. At the same time she was above the commonality. Not a lady, not a servant; but something between the two. Her appearance confirmed the promise of romance.

"I have walked from Eastbury," said I, cap in hand, and wish to put up here for the night."

"Marshminster is only ten miles away," answered she, in nowise disposed to admit me.

"And for that reason I want a bed here. Twenty and more miles walking under a hot sun has wearied me considerably."

"I am sorry we cannot accommodate you, sir."

"This is an inn," I said, glancing at the sign.

"The Fen Inn, sir," she replied, still smiling, "and full of guests for the time being."

"Full of guests, in this locality! You must then entertain waterfowl, for I have seen no human being for the last twelve miles."

She made no direct answer, but shook her head and prepared to close the door. Piqued by the discourtesy, and still more so by the mystery of this reception, I was about to insist upon admission, when my attention was attracted to a face at the near window. I recognized it as that of a college friend, and waved my stick in greeting.

"Hallo, Briarfield!" I shouted lustily. "Come and help me to a night's lodgings."

The girl was surprised by my remark, and, as I thought, changed color. She stepped aside to let Briarfield pass, and exhibited further astonishment at the urbanity of our greeting.

"What wind blows you here, Denham?" asked Briarfield, shaking my hand.

"I am on a walking tour," I answered, "and hoped to have reached Marsminster to-night. But as it is ten miles away and I feel weary I wish to sleep here. This young lady, however, says the inn is full of guests and——"

"Full of guests," interrupted Briarfield, looking at the girl. "Nonsense, Rose, I am the only guest here!"

"We expect others, sir," said Rose obstinately.

"You can't expect a sufficient number to fill the house," he retorted; "surely Mr. Denham can have a bed?"

"I shall ask my father, sir."

When she disappeared Briarfield turned to me with a smile and asked a strange question.

"Now, I'll be bound," said he, "that you don't know my first name!"

"Felix."

"No! You are wrong; I am not the rich Felix, but the poor Francis."

"You see the result of being one of twins," said I, impatiently; "if at college I could not distinguish between you how can you expect me to do so now? I haven't seen either you or your brother for at least two years. Where is Felix?"

"At Marshminster."

"And what are you doing here?"

"Ah, that's a long story. If you——"

"Please to walk in, sir," interrupted Rose at this moment, "my father desires to speak with you."

"I have then to submit myself to the approval of the landlord," said I, and forthwith entered the house, followed by Francis Briarfield.

The landlord, a lean, saturine man, above the common height, saluted me with a sour smile. In appearance and demeanor he was quite in keeping with that dreary inn. About him lurked a Puritanic flavor, not ill-suited to his sombre attire and unctuous speech. He was less like an innkeeper than a smug valet. I mistrusted the man at first sight.

"I can give you supper and a bed, sir," said he, bending his body and rubbing his hands, "neither, I regret to say, of the first quality."

"Never mind," I answered, unstrapping my knapsack. "I am too tired and hungry to be particular."

"We have only lately taken up this house, sir," he continued, still bowing, "and things are a trifle disordered."

I glanced round. Despite the cheerful blaze of a fire, the room had a mildewed look as though long uninhabited. Traces of hasty cleansing were visible in all corners, and in the dim light filtered through dusty panes the apartment had a singularly uninviting aspect. Again that premonition of misfortune came over me.

"I wonder you took up the house at all," said I. "You wouldn't make your fortune in this locality."

The landlord made no reply, but muttering something about supper left the room. His daughter had already departed, presumably in the direction of the kitchen, and I found myself alone with Francis Briarfield. He was absently looking out at the window, and started when I addressed him directly. I augured mystery therefrom.

"What's the meaning of these mysteries," I asked abruptly. The horror of the place was already influencing my spirits.

"What mysteries?" demanded Briarfield, in a listless manner.

"This inn has been uninhabited for some considerable period. A suspicious looking rascal and his pretty daughter have taken up their abode here with no possible chance of getting customers. I stumble on this Cave of Ali Baba in the twilight and find you here—you of all men, whom I believed to be in South America. Don't you call that mysterious?"

"If you put it in that way I admit the mystery," replied Francis, coming towards the fire. "I know little about the inn—still less about the landlord and his daughter. As to myself—I am here by appointment to meet my brother Felix. Came from London to Starby, and rode from thence to this inn."

"Why meet him in this murderous-looking house?"

"He named the place of meeting himself."

"And you?"

"I only arrieved this month in England from South America. I wrote him from London asking to see him. He appointed this inn as neutral ground for us to meet, so here I am."

"Why neutral ground? Have you quarreled?"

"Bitterly."

"You did so at college," said I looking steadily at him. 'Strange that such ill blood should exist between twin brothers."

"The inevitable woman," said Francis, in a harsh tone, quite at variance with his usual soft speech.

"Oh! And her name?"

"Olivia Bellin!"

"I know her. Do you mean to say, Briarfield, that—"

"Hush!" he said, rapidly indicating the door, and there stood the girl Rose listening to our conversation. Her face was pale, and it was evident that the mention of the name had powerfully affected her. Seeing our eyes were on her, she apologized in a low, nervous voice.

"Your pardon, gentlemen," she said, placing a tray on the table, 'I did not intend to interrupt your conversation. Allow me to lay the table for supper!"

"First show me my room," said I, picking up my knapsack. "I am dusty, and wish to give myself a brush-up."

Rose nodded, and preceded me out of the apartment. I glanced back, and saw that Francis had returned to his old post by the window. Evidently he was watching for the arrival of his brother.

"When does Mr. Felix Briarfield arrive?" I asked Rose as we ascended the stairs.

"I don't know the name, sir," she said, with an obvious effort.

"You don't know the name," I repeated, seeing she was lying, "yet Mr. Francis is here to meet his brother."

"It may be so, sir! But I know nothing about it. Mr. Briarfield is a stranger to me, like yourself."

"If I am, I hoped you received him more willingly than you did me."

My words fell on the empty air, for after her last remark she hastily departed. I mechanically attended to my wants and wondered what could be the meaning of the girl's attitude.

"She knows Miss Bellin and Felix Briarfield," I thought, "perhaps not personally, but at least their names. She is also aware of the intended visit of Felix to this place. I must find out from Francis the reason of that visit, and it may throw some light on the demeanor of Rose. I am glad I came here to-night, for that landlord is scarcely a person to be trusted. Certainly my presentiment of romance is coming true."

When I descended to the dining room I found supper laid, and Francis impatiently awaiting my arrival. A lamp was lighted, and for the first time I saw his face plainly. The alteration in his looks and demeanor since our college days was astonishing. Felix had always been the graver of the twins, and it was the distinguishing mark between them. Now the livelier spirits of Francis had calmed down to a subdued gravity, which made the resemblance between them still greater. We seated ourselves at the table in silence, and he colored as he caught my earnest look.

"You find me altered?" he asked, with manifest discomposure.

"Very much altered, and more like Felix than ever!"

"I haven't seen him for over a year," said Briarfield abruptly, "so I don't know if the resemblance is still strong."

"It is stronger," I answered, emphatically. "I saw Felix two months ago, and now I look at you to-night, I can scarcely believe it is Francis, and not Felix seated before me."

"We are alike to outward view, Denham, but I hope our natures are different."

"What do you mean?"

"Felix," said he, with marked deliberation, "is a thief, a liar, and a dishonorable man."

"You speak strongly."

"I have reason to."

"The before-mentioned reason, Briafield," said I, alluding to the feminine element.

"Yes: By the way," he added feverishly, "you said Miss Bellin was known to you."

"In a casual way only. She is a society beauty, and I have met her once or twice: also her very slilly mother. The latter is as remarkable for folly as the former is for beauty. Well, Briarfield, and what about Miss Bellin?"

"I was engaged to her."

"You are engaged to her?"

"I said 'was,'" he replied, with emphasis; "now she is engaged to my brother."

"Of her own free will?"

"I don't know," said Briarfield. "I really don't know. When I went to Chili I was her affianced lover. Now I return and learn that she is to marry my brother."

"What explanation does he make?"

"None as yet. To-night or to-morrow morning he comes here to explain."

"But why here, of all places?"

"Miss Bellin is at Marshminster. Felix is staying there also and in his letter asked me to see him at the Fen Inn, as he wished to explain his conduct fully before I met Olive again."

"And you agreed?"

"As you see."

"In your place," said I meditatively, "I should have gone at once to Marshminster and confronted both. There is some trickery about this."

"You think so?"

"I am by nature suspicious," I answered, "perhaps too much so. Yes! I think there is some trickery."

Francis frowned and glanced at his watch.

"It is now 8 o'clock," he said, replacing it in his pocket, "too late to go to Marshminster."

"Besides which," I added, "our worthy landlord has doubtless neither trap nor horse."

By this time we had finished supper and Rose came in to clear away. Thoughtfully filling my pipe I watched her closely. Undeniably she was a very beautiful woman, and ill suited to her present occupation. Why a girl so handsome should bury herself in this lonely inn was a mystery to me. I felt sure that there was a purpose connected with her presence here, and that inimical to Briarfield. The landlord did not make his appearance, which was to me a matter of some relief. I disliked the fellow greatly.

Francis, smoking hard, sat staring at the fire, and took no heed of Rose. Once or twice she glanced in his direction, and looked as though about to address him. Catching my eye, she bit her lip and desisted. Finally she disappeared from the room with manifest anger at not having accomplished her design.

"Strange," said I, lighting my pipe. "What is strange?" asked Briarfield, looking up.

"That girl knows your brother."

"It's not impossible," he answered carelessly, "Felix always had an eye for pretty faces, and as he appointed this inn as a meeting place, he has probably been here before. Rose Strent no doubt draws him hither by her beauty."

"That is not a compliment to Miss Bellin."

"I know it. Felix is a profligate scamp, and will make her a bad husband. He shall not marry her," added Briarfield angrily, "I say he shall not marry her and make her life miserable. I'll kill him first."

"Man! man! think of what you are saying—your own brother."

"My own brother—my twin brother," scoffed Francis, "is that any reason why he should take away from me the woman I love."

"She is not worth regretting if she forgets you so soon."

"She has not forgotten me," he said earnestly, "I assure you, Denham, she loves me still. The last letter I received from her gave no hint that she wearied of me. As you say, there is some trickery about it. I'll have an explanation from Felix," continued he, striking the table with his fist, "or by heaven, I'll kill him."

"Where did you meet her?" I asked, ignoring this last remark, which was but idle.

"In town over a year ago," he replied, calming down. "She is, as you know, very beautiful, and her mother wished her to make a great match. I am comfortably off, but I've not a title, therefore Mrs. Bellin would not sanction the engagement. Then I had to go out to South America on business connected with my property. Before I left she promised to become my wife, and swore that nothing should part us or render her false to me. See, here is the ring she gave me," he added, stretching out his hand, "this pearl ring. I was to be back in six months, and our engagement was to be made public. I am back in six months, and the first news I hear is that she is to marry Felix."

"Did she write and tell you so?"

"No, but Felix did, and asked me to meet him here before seeing her."

"Now, I wonder if this apparent treachery of Miss Bellin has anything to do with your—twin-ship."

"What do you mean?" asked Briarfield, starting up.

"You are so like in appearance," said I, "that no one could tell you apart. You have lived constantly together save for the last six months, and know every action of each other's lives. It may be that Felix has passed himself off to Miss Bellin as you."

"Impossible! She would detect the deception.

"I doubt it, save by intuition. I assure you, Briarfield, that the resemblance between you is most perplexing. There is not the slightest difference. You dress the same, you have the same gestures, you almost think the same. It is scarce possibly to tell which is which when apart. I thought to-night that you were Felix."

"It cannot be, it cannot be," he muttered, feverishly; "her own heart would tell her the truth."

"Did you tell Felix of your engagement?" I asked, abruptly.

"Yes; I told him all."

"And when did you hear last from Miss Bellin?"

"Some three months ago. It was because she did not reply to my letters that I came back so soon."

"To whom were your letters sent?"

"To her, of course!"

"Care of Felix?" said I, with instinctive suspicion.

"Why, yes," he said, with a sudden frown. "I did not want Mrs. Bellin to know of our engagement, so did not dare to write openly. Felix undertook to deliver the letters."

"He may have undertaken to do so, but," I added, forcibly, "he did not."

"Denham!"

"The whole case is as clear as day," said I. "Felix was in love with Miss Bellin and wished to marry her. Knowing she was in love with you, he was well aware he had no chance, so resorted to trickery. When you left for Chili, he gave her your letters for three months, then saying he was going abroad, ostensibly left England, but really stayed, and presented himself as—you."

"As me?"

"Yes. He has traded on the marvelous resemblance between you. He knows all your life, all your love affairs, and I have no doubt that Miss Bellin believes that he is Francis Briarfield, her lover, returned from South America in three months instead of six."

"If I thought so," muttered Francis, biting his fingers, "if I thought so—"

"I am sure it is so. Now you see why it is imperative that she should interview you before you meet Miss Bellin. He wishes to reveal the deception, and throw himself on your mercy."

"He'll get no mercy from me if this is so," said Briarfield, in a sombre tone. "Oh, fool that I was not to write direct to Olivia when I came back to England! But it is not too late. When he comes here I'll learn the truth, and denounce him to Olivia. Then our troubles will be over."

"A man capable of such a trick is capable of worse," said I sententiously. "I advise you to be on your guard against Felix."

"Do you think he'll kill me?"

"I don't go as far as that," I replied cautiously; "but your meeting will be—productive of trouble. Just now you expressed a wish to kill him."

"And I shall, if he has tricked me as you say."

"Nonsense, Briarfield, you talk wildly. This matter can surely be settled in a less melodramatic fashion. I am glad I am here, as perhaps you will permit me to be present at the interview."

"Willingly. I know how clever you are, Denham. You may assist me to unmask Felix."

"Do you think he'll come to-night?" said I going to the window.

"His letter said to-night or to-morrow."

"Then it will be to-morrow! Felix wouldn't risk meeting you at night if he has thus betrayed you. Let us go to bed, and to-morrow settle the matter."

At first Francis was unwilling to retire, but when the landlord came to look up for the night, and laughed at the idea of anyone coming there from Marshminster, he fell in with my desire. Together we went upstairs and parted on the threshold of his room. It was five or six doors away from mine.

"Lock your door," said I, as we parted.

"What! do you think I'll be murdered in my sleep?"

"No! but I don't like the inn, and I dislike the face of Strent, the landlord. Besides," I continued that girl Rose."

"What about her?"

"She knows Miss Bellin. Good-night."

With that I departed, notwithstanding his desire for an explanation of my last words. So weary was I that despite my suspicions of the inn I speedily fell asleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Just Like a Boston Baby.

Caller—And this is the new baby?
Fond Mother—Isn't he splendid?
Caller—Yes, indeed.
Fond Mother—And so bright. See how intelligently he breathes.—Vogue.

Didn't Put It the Best Way.

He—And so you are one of the fortunates who did not go out to the Fair?

She—Do you consider me fortunate in having neglected my opportunities?

He—Decidedly so.—You—you must be so popular now!—Truth.

Not Necessary.

"Will you run for Congress this year, Colonel?"

"I don't know; there's just as good liquor in my neighborhood as was ever dished up in Washington."—Atlanta Constitution.

She Spoke from Experience.

Maude—Did he say I was pretty?
Belle—Oh, no. He isn't in love with you.—Life.

EFFECT OF LABOR.

Overwork Never Kills, but Worry Slays Its Many Thousands.

It is well known that the late Sir Andrew Clark had a contempt for the view that hard work hurts a man, says the London News. From the latest of the series of articles reproducing in the Lancet instructions given by him in clinical medicine at the London Hospital, we make the following interesting quotation, reviving in his own words a bit of autobiography, with the substance of which our readers are already familiar:

"Labor is the life of life. And especially is it the life of life to the delicate. And when any organ is sick, it is then truer than in health that even in sickness and delicacy it is better for the organ to do what work of its own it can, provided it can do it without injury. And I can say to you from a considerable experience of tuberculous pulmonary disease, I can say with perfect confidence that those who have done the best have usually been those who have occupied themselves the most.

"I never knew my own parents. They both died of phthisis. At the age of 21 I myself went to Madeira to die of phthisis. But I did not die, and on coming back I had the good luck to get into this great hospital, and in those days they were not very

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A FAIR VIRGINIAN.

A TALE OF THE FIRST BULL RUN.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EXCHANGE.

The confidence Miss Maxwell reposed in the general was fully deserved. Despite the duties devolving upon a man of tireless energy wielding extraordinary influence, he yet found time to forward the arrangements for the exchange desired. Three days later the arrangements were perfected. The surgeons were of the opinion that the removal of Col. Mason in the manner proposed would not be injurious. As for Maxwell, he acquired strength from the hour that he learned Miss Clayton had written to her father. He predicted that his friends would not rest until he was placed in their hands. While he was indebted to Miss Clayton deeply, "there was no place like home" for a man in his condition. He inwardly resolved that, once he was fairly started, he would not remain in Washington long. He admitted that the valley stretched out beneath upon him as thoughtful and tender as a sister's, but his memory retained a picture of a familiar slope overlooking a little valley as picturesque as that stretched out before him. As he recalled a great wide back porch shaded with vines, he yearned for the cool breeze that swept up from the river almost within view.

Col. Mason was now fully sensible of his condition, but further than to sigh deeply when his home was referred to, he made no sign. The surgeons thought that anything that would rouse him from the lethargy that bound him would prove beneficial. He seemed to be wholly indifferent whether he lived or died.

On the day the exchange was made, when Miss Maxwell entered the hotel parlor where Gen. Moorhead awaited her, she was surprised to find Governor Curtis with him. The governor greeted her warmly, explaining that his interest in her brother would not permit him to be absent when he was restored to his friends.

When the carriage containing the governor, general and Miss Maxwell met the ambulance that conveyed Col. Mason to the point where the exchange was to be made, Miss Maxwell observed a number of horsemen and two officers. One of the officers rode up to the carriage and saluted the occupants. The governor and general greeted him cordially, then the general said:

"Miss Maxwell, I take pleasure in introducing Capt. Norton."

Miss Maxwell was conscious that the captain's eyes expressed surprise; even as he bowed silently she perceived a slight contraction of his brows, meanwhile she strove in vain to recall the event this officer's face was associated with.

"Pardon me, general," said the governor, "Col. Norton."

"Eh!" the general glanced at the captain's shoulder straps. Then apprehending the truth he reached a hand out and grasped Norton's. "A recent honor, I see. You have not had time to get the eagles—I congratulate you." Then turning to the governor, "You did not lose any time, Curtis."

"He is not indebted to me—he is indebted to Cameron."

"Better still—you have two godfathers, colonel—and you may count me a fair third." A speech that caused a laugh.

So this was the man who had experienced gross injustice. "Norton? Norton?" The name was not rare; it was probably only a coincidence, and yet—like a flash Miss Maxwell's memory placed the event; the time and place. A street crossing, a vehicle heavily laden—top-heavy with boxes, a grasp on her arm that lifted her entirely off her feet as a box crashed on the pavement beside her. The look of anger she flashed upon the gentleman who displayed extraordinary presence of mind and rendered her timely service, was transformed suddenly into a look of gratitude, as he removed his hat and assisted her across the street.

Upon Norton's side, the recognition was instantaneous. He would remember her face, experience no difficulty in placing the owner no matter what the circumstances or surroundings might be. Besides he possessed a very decided advantage over her. He had within the past hour learned the name of the person who would be entrusted to his care in return for Col. Mason. And yet, somehow, either owing to the presence of the governor and general, or to some other cause, his voice sounded strange to himself, as he said:

"I think—in fact, I am sure, Miss Maxwell is related to me."

"What's that?" said the general, shortly. He looked from one to the other. Miss Maxwell was conscious of a blush, as she replied:

"It was just asking myself if it were possible you were my—cousin." The hesitation, momentary though it was, provoked a smile.

Colonel Norton preserved his gravity as he answered: "If you are Richard Hope Maxwell's sister, you are my second cousin."

"Well, no one can accuse either family of being clannish," said the general, in a matter-of-fact way. "If the Nortons are as good stock as the Maxwells, colonel, (which in common politeness we will take for granted), you are to be congratulated. You can tie to the Maxwells in Pittsburg, every time."

The general's offhand speech and free manner set everybody at ease. When the colonel gave the order to move, a new element enlivened the little party. The colonel rode beside the carriage the greater part of the way, leaving the care of the detail to his brother officer, who quizzed him unmercifully in consequence without apparently disconcerting the colonel.

The journey was necessarily slow, but the time passed quickly. Miss Maxwell could scarcely believe two hours had elapsed when they discerned, at a turn in the road, a cavalcade whose dimensions and appearance were similar to the Federal party and its equipages. The Confederates approaching had beside an ambulance a carriage also. On either side of the carriage Miss Maxwell observed a horsewomen. She remarked their ease and grace; they were horsewomen in the true sense. She envied them their freedom and grace.

The Confederates stopped near a large tree. The Federalists could see two officers dismounting from the carriage. Their bright uniforms flashed in the sunlight. The ladies dismounted and stood beside the gentlemen. An officer, evidently in command of the detail, halted his men, and sat awaiting the approach of the Federalists.

When the latter reached the tree, a Confederate officer holding a white handkerchief in his hand, advanced a few paces, waving it as he stepped forward. Colonel Norton rode forward, addressed him in low tones, as they saluted each other, then ordered his men to advance. The formal exchanges scarcely occupied a minute. The necessary papers passed from hand to hand. Then all eyes were turned to the ambulances.

The governor, general and Miss Maxwell dismounted, and the latter hastened to the Confederate ambulance, while the gentlemen exchanged civilities with the Confederate officers. Meanwhile the ladies, accompanying the Confederates, approached the other ambulance.

It is scarcely necessary to describe the greeting in either case, further than to say that Colonel Mason manifested a degree of animation and life as he looked upon his friends, that augured well. Few words were spoken on either side.

Presently the Confederate officers surrounded Colonel Mason, while the governor and General Moorhead addressed words to Richard Maxwell that rewarded him for much of the pain he experienced. It was not until the soldiers were occupied in the task of removing the invalids from one ambulance to the other that a series of formal introductions took place. Colonel Norton in turn introduced the governor, general, Miss Maxwell and the officer accompanying him to the officer commanding the confederates, who in his turn introduced his party by name to the Federal party.

It was not necessary to introduce Miss Norton—the brother and sister, moved by one impulse seemingly, approached each other, clasped hands and stood a little apart, while the others affected to see something of an engrossing nature in the sky or immediate vicinity. All were struck with the extraordinary resemolance they bore each other. And now Miss Maxwell realized the truth. The brother and sister turned to her presently; then Caroline Norton thanked her in fervent language for the timely service rendered her.

The chief actors in this scene on the Confederate side, although conversant with the facts, could not take their eyes off Colonel Norton. Had they known the humiliation he was subjected to, they would doubtless have manifested more curiosity concerning his rapid advancement in the Union ranks. As it was, in the brief interval in which Harry Mason clasped Norton's hand, each experienced a renewal of old-time friendship, while Sydney Clayton confessed to Harry Waller his breath that "barring Norton's going over to the other side, they had all made precious asses of themselves. It was a —— pity the cause had lost such a clever fellow!" a speech that sounded nothing short of a marvel coming from one of the most relentless young men in Richmond. The Claytons, father and son, were noted for their extreme views.

Many months elapsed before Lacy Norton learned the truth, and then it was conveyed to him by Miss Maxwell. In addition to the incident that stood out boldest in her experiences in Washington, that in which her cousin, Caroline Norton, figured was strongly reinforced by the story her brother told her; a relation somewhat disjointed, the facts being gathered at intervals from voluntary statements made by Marion Clayton, and chance admissions, yet containing irrefragible evidence pointing to the successful manner in which Caroline Norton had impersonated her brother.

It is doubtful if there ever was a meeting of the Federalists and Confederates from the opening until the close of the war that was marked by as many evidences of personal good will and esteem as that held for the purpose of exchanging Colonel Mason and Richard Hope Maxwell—Captain Maxwell one month later.

When those who effected the exchanges saluted each other formally and separated, they little dreamed that years would elapse before they would meet again, or that the clouds then lowering over them would sweep the land as a besom of destruction.

The fever in men's blood burned fiercely; hundreds of battles were won and lost; the land was drenched with blood; the flower of the republic met in battle array, sustaining shocks such as the world never witnessed before the blue and gray grappled in the death clutch on the ocean, river and field, as the tide of victory swayed and rolled until the fever of battle waned; men's reason was restored, and the angel of peace smiled once more over the broad land.

Colonel Mason, incapacitated, could only view the bitter conflict from the ground occupied by an idle spectator. His son strove to make amends for the enforced idleness of his father. He commanded a brigade at the close of the war. Sydney Clayton forswore the routine of a department in Richmond. He was cited as a dashing cavalry leader long before his ideal, Stonewall Jackson, fell. He survived the war, and was one of the few who had the courage to endorse Gen. Longstreet's first public declaration in the interest of harmony and peace, although his father fulminated censure and threats against the general designed to bury him in ignominy.

When the war ended, Harry Mason, impoverished as he was, permitted very little time to elapse before he was united to the woman who had risked so much for his sake. His example was followed a few months later by a wedding at Ridgeview, where Colonel Maxwell insists to this day he found his crown of joy. Lacy Norton, a week later, repaired to Pittsburg, where he requited himself for the loss of his sister by marrying Miss Maxwell.

There is a popular mountain resort in Virginia, within two hours' drive of Ridgeview, where visitors note the charms that distinguish a circle composed of people approaching middle age and youth, the latter largely predominating. Those who are so fortunate as to obtain an entrance to this circle will, sooner or later, hear references to the war that excite his curiosity. Allusions to the most important battles and personages fairly illuminate a subject the rising generation know very little of despite all that has been said and printed. Such as are deserving rare proofs of confidence, as a preliminary to a thrilling story of the war have "Aunt Caroline" pointed out to them. As they look at Aunt Caroline, a lovely woman in the prime of life and beauty, whose graces and sweet voice charm all who come near her, and listen to the tale her nieces relate, it is difficult to imagine that that dignified matron once donned her brother's uniform, slung a haversack over her shoulder containing a dress which she wore over her uniform and removed at will, perilling her life in her mad resolve to learn something of her lover and brother after the first battle of Bull Run.

(THE END.)

Mrs. Jennie Decker

"How Well You Look"

Friends Surprised at the Great Improvement.

'C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I take pleasure in writing the good I have received from Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every spring and summer for six years my health has been so poor from heart trouble and general debility that at times life was a burden. I was so emaciated and

Weak and Pale

that my friends thought I would not live long. I could do scarcely any work at all and had to lie down every few minutes. I began getting worse in January, losing my flesh and feeling so tired. I thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla and I am happy to say I am in better health than for a number of years. My friends remark to me: 'Why how well you look.' I tell them it is Hood's Sarsaparilla that has done the work. I would have all suffering humanity try this medicine and be convinced. This statement is true to the letter." Mrs. JENNIE DECKER, Watseka, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation billousness, sick headache, indigestion.

STORIES OF WAR TIME

TALES OF DARING IN THE GREAT REBELLION.

Stirring Contributions From Capt. A. G. P. Brown, Thomas L. Russell and Others.

It is proposed in the series of papers, of which the following forms the seventh number to give to the public for the first time and in authentic form, by a large number of distinguished contributers, the stories of the most signal deeds of individual heroism and self-sacrifice occurring under their personal observation while in the service, either by land or sea, during the war of 1861. The collection, when completed, will form a splendid monument to the prowess, patriotism and chivalrous magnanimity of the American soldier.

Told by Capt. A. G. P. Brown.

The terrific, and to my mind, unnecessary slaughter at Cold Harbor, is marked in that campaign by an incident that comes as vividly to my memory now, as if the event were of yesterday. I belonged at this time to Twenty-fourth New York cavalry, and as we had not been able to secure mounts, we foughts as infantry down to Petersburg.

If there is any other contest in history where more than 20,000 men, friend and foe, fell inside of twenty minutes, it is unknown to me, and if such there be, I shoud like to see it contrasted with the terrible assault and bloody repulse of our troops at Cold Harbor.

"SET 'EM UP IN THE NEXT ALLEY."

The enemy, elated by the repulse of the Union assault, swarmed over their works, and it looked for a time as if they were going to make a countercharge. This belief was strengthened, when, with that ringing yell that distinguished the enemy when making a charge, a battery of horse artillery galloped to the front of their line about two hundred yards, unlimbered in fine style, and made ready for action.

I was hugging the ground with my men about that time, for it seemed—it always does seem so—that we were directly in the line of the enemy's fire, when I heard a ringing cheer, the crash of heavy wheels, the snorting and pounding of artillery horses, urged to a gallop, and above all the battery bugler sounding the advance.

A gap was made in our lines, and through this Battery B, of the Second Regular artillery, fairly flew to the front.

I couldn't understand it, for to me it looked as if the battery was charging into the enemy's lines unsupported; but when within less than three hundred yards of the Confederate guns, the halt sounded; and in a way that thrilled our hearts and delighted our souls, the Union guns formed for action, and the horses moved to the rear.

I have read and heard of things being done "quicker than the act could be described." This was one of them.

Two minutes could not have elapsed from the time Battery B plunged through our lines till it had opened fire on the Confederate guns.

And now followed the first and only "artillery duel" I had ever seen, though soldiers hear and read a good deal about such things; indeed, I doubt if the records of the war furnish a parallel case.

There was still some desultory firing away to the right and left, but, as if by mutual consent, the men in blue and grey within sight of those two batteries, leaped to their feet, and forgot their own rules in the magnificent struggle of those gallant and well-matched contestants.

They were less than three hundred yards apart, and soon all we could see was the vivid flashing of the fire, through the rising banks of silvery-white powder smoke. But we could hear the crash of the shells and the roar of the guns, and high above all the shrill yell of the Confederates and the hoarse cheer of the Yankee gunners.

After six or eight minutes, that seemed like so many hours, the fire slackened; a sudden breeze sent the smoke drifting to the west, and then a deep cheer of exultation rang out from the throats of the 10,000 men in blue, who had been eagerly watching the duel.

Every Confederate gun was disabled, four of the limbers had blown up, the horses were in ghastly heaps, but still a few gallant men in grey stood defiantly amid the ruins of their battery.

Our men suffered severely, but they brought back all their guns, and I distinctly recall a tall sergeant, who sat his horse, with the blood flowing over his face from a shell wound in the head, and who, as he turned to ride back, shook his hand at the Confederates, and shouted:

"Set em up on the other alley, d—n you!"

Told by Thomas L. Russell.

I belonged to John Morgan's command, and I am willing to bear the charge of vanity it may bring on me, by asserting that in no place and in no army were there soldiers who were kept more continually on the move or quite as ready, if he could make by it, to rob and murder a straggler in grey as in blue.

In March, 1864, Colonel Mizner, then in command at Columbia, Tenn., determined to use every means in his power to capture or kill Dunk Cooper. A reward was placed on the man's head, and scouting parties, I had command of one, were sent into the mountains to find him, but all without effect.

Col. Mizner sent a foraging detail to Swan Creek early in the month, and along with the wagons was a bright young fellow named Stovall, a private in the Fiftieth Illinois infantry, who had been provided with a good mount for this particular work. There were twenty troopers of the Seventh Pennsylvania with the wagons, and Stovall, with six of these, were searching for fodder over Swan River when they unexpectedly came on four men dressed in butternut, leisurely riding towards the mountains.

As soon as the men in butternut saw the men in blue, they straightened up, put spurs to their horses, and were away at a gallop. The troopers emptied their carbines, and two of the guerillas fell, the other two increasing their speed, and unheeding the cry to surrender.

"I believe one of those fellows is Dunk Cooper!" shouted Stovall.

The fugitives overheard him, for one of them turned in the saddle and yelled back as he fired: "Yes, cuss you uns, I'm Dunk Cooper! Follow at your peril!"

Unheeding this threat, Stovall, who was the best mounted of the party, drew his revolver, gave full rein to his horse, and dashed after the two outlaws. He soon left his companions far behind, but to use his own language he "wanted Dunk Cooper," and didn't care whether he was alone or not.

Cooper and his companion dashed up the rough bed of a creek, but about a mile beyond the point where he was discovered his horse fell. Before the guerilla could remount, Stoval was on him, shouting "surrender!"

Cooper's companion reined in and raised his pistol to fire, but a shot from Stovall's revolver sent him reeling from his horse, and then the young Illinoisian was alone with the desperate outlaw.

Cooper tried to get out his pistol, but the hammer caught in his belt. Then he drew a long knife and made for his determined enemy. He was scarcely two yards away when Stovall fired again, the bullet cutting along the outlaw's scalp and bringing him to the ground.

I had come down from the hill with fifty men to Swan Creek, with the feeling that all the cavalry in the army could not capture Dunk Cooper. But I saw young Stovall coming back to the wagon with two prisoners, and one of them was the wretch who had led me such a long ride and who kept me awake for many an hour planning his capture.

"HE STILL CLUTCHED THE BRIDLE."

Told by Maj. G. H. Fitzgibbons.

Amongst the guerillas who in '63 and '64 made the Cumberland plateau in Tennessee, a land of desolation and terror, "Colonel" Dunk Cooper stands conspicuous. This ruffian was Southern, it was said, in his sympathies, yet he never had the manhood to enlist in the Confederate army, and he was tenced to the Dry Tortugas for life, and was drowned while trying to escape after the war. Being a trained soldier, in the prime of life, about 40, and full of dash and energy, Gen. Morgan—then a colonel commanding a brigade—was glad to meet him, and appointed him his adjutant-general.

In August, September and October, 1862, we were back with Bragg in Kentucky, where we hoped we should remain, but found it too hot to do so. We Kentuckians were sent here, there and everywhere, so that some did not have a chance to visit their friends. In early September we were ordered north to threaten Covington and make things as unpleasant as possible for the Yankees along the Ohio.

On the way we struck Cynthia, between Lexington and Covington, and here, to our surprise, we backed up against a lot of Union Kentuckians, under the command of Gen. Landrum.

We supposed there were only a few companies present, and that we could ride over them rough shod, but they turned out to be quite as many as ourselves and just as eager for a fight.

The rattle of musketry always transformed the impassive colonel into a demon, and the roar of artillery intoxicated him, but he never lost his head. I was standing bridle in hand near the colonel, when our advance came clattering back, reporting "Yankees in front till you can't rest!" On the instant Col. Grenfel leaped into the saddle, and shouted: "Mount men, and follow me!"

I obeyed him, supposing the hundreds of men about would follow our example, but a backward glance, as we neared the enemy's rifle pits, showed there were less than fifty riders in the charge. W jumped the pits and broke up the men in blue, but they quickly rallied and formed a line behind us. We dashed on, but it was to find a stronger line in reserve, and artillery to the left.

The enemy was shouting "Surrender!" and the only possible avenue of escape was over a high rail fence to the right.

Again shouting, "Follow me!" Grenfel led his horse at the fence, but it was too high to leap. Quick as a flash and under a terrific fire, he flung himself from the saddle, tore down a panel, and called to us to go through. We were quick to obey, and make for our own lines. The colonel's horse was killed, but when he joined us, he wiped his bald brow and said coolly: "Ah, my lads, that was a deevilish rawsty place!"

Told by Eugene Tery.

We soldiers from the extreme South delighted in distinctive military names for our organizations. I have noticed that the Federals whenever they gave a particular name to a regiment, it was, as a rule, that of a man, as "the Duryea Zouaves," "the Harris Light Cavalry," "Rush's Lancers," and so on, while our organizations took the names of places. That is why the battery with which I served from the first to the last of the civil war was known as "the Donaldson Cannoneers," in honor of the town across the river from New Orleans, where we were recruited, before draft was heard of in the South or bounty in the North.

"Sim" Brown belonged to our battery. When I first set eyes on him he was a man about thirty, full-bearded, stockily built, reticent as the proverbial clam, and as devoid of nerves as an oyster. Sim spoke but little, positively because he had nothing to say, though I am aware that garrulity is not an evidence of ideas. If he had any secrets, he kept them to himself. He did what he was told, never more, never less, and he was never elated by success nor depressed by disaster.

It was at Cold Harbor, about an hour before Gen. "Zeb" Stewart was killed, and though not actively engaged, we were under a trying fire from overshots. A general officer, Hill, I think, for we belonged to his corps, halted near our battery. There was with him a fine spare horse, from which I inferred one of the staff had been dismounted. Calling Sim Brown, who had been smoking under a tree, the general pointed to the horse in question, and said:

"Here, my man; hold this horse here for the present."

"Yes, sir," responded Sim, as he took the bridle with one hand and saluted with the other.

"We may need him. Don't move from here. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," and Sim took a more secure hold of the bridle.

The general and his staff galloped away, and a few minutes after we were compelled by the changing lines, as well as by an order from Lee's chief of artillery, Gen. Alexander, to move further to the rear.

We forgot Sim Brown in the hurry and excitement, and it wasn't till we had taken another position, three hundred yards back that I thought of him. He had literally construed his orders to stay where he was, and there he stood under the trees with the bridle over his arm, and smoking his corn-cob pipe as placidly as if there were not two hundred thousand men in a death grapple all about him.

That part of the field was soon swept by a tornado of shots, and the limbs of the trees above Sim came crashing down, evidently without disturbing him. We shouted and motioned to him to join us, but if he heard, he did not heed us.

After about an hour he could be seen sitting down, as we supposed, to rest, with his back against a tree. It was near sundown when we were ordered back to our former position. Then e discovered that Sim Brown was dead. His brown face was as placid as of old, and he still clutched the bridle of the uninjured horse.

"MOUNT, MEN, AND FOLLOW ME!"

who did more promiscuous hustling than ourselves.

In the spring of 1862, we were in Central Tennessee, doing our level best to keep the railroads, leading north, in need of repair, and making it unsafe, if not impossible, to navigate the Cumberland, when we were joined by Captain George St. Leger Grenfel. Grenfel was an Englishman, who had read in his own country of Morgan's exploits, and who determined to come out and join fortunes with him.

I was still in my teens, but never before or since have I met a more picturesque, daring or ideal soldier of fortune than this same George St. Leger Grenfel. He had been in the English, Turkish and Chinese service, and a short time before joining us, he had served in South Africa, in the Cape Mounted Rifles. He was captured in our raid into Ohio, got mixed up in the Fort Douglas conspiracy in Chicago, in 1864, was tried and sentenced to the penitentiary, but escaped, and finally turned up in Mexico, where he was murdered by bandits.

The Columbia Bicycle Catalogue

For 1894

Describes fully the new line of Columbia Wheels, and is by far the handsomest and most comprehensive ever issued by a bicycle establishment. It is artistic in design, and beautifully printed and illustrated. Its pages are alive with interesting matter pertaining to cycling, and should be read by every intending purchaser of a bicycle.

We mail it on receipt of two 2-cent stamps, or it may be obtained free at Columbia Agencies.

POPE MFG. CO.,

Boston. New York. Chicago. Hartford.

Send 14 cents in stamps for our Daily Memorandum Desk Calendar. The best thing yet.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1—Real name and address must be written on every question. 2—Only one question at a time. 3—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, not where to buy or sell any thing. No such answers allowed in advertising. 4—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer only essential problems, questions of law, etc. 6—No answers by mail.

The Mitchell Raiders.

We have mislaid the address of the person who inquired about the Mitchell raid, but here are the facts: On April 6, 1862, twenty-three Union soldiers, in response to a call for hazardous service, volunteered, under the leadership of James J. Andrews, a loyal Kentuckian, and penetrated the rebel lines, rendezvoused at Marietta, Ga. In squads of two and three, on April 12, they boarded a train on the Western & Atlantic railway, and while the crew was at lunch at Big Shanty, they detached part of the train, manned the engine, and with three box cars attached, got as far as Kingston, Ga., when they abandoned the train and scattered. All were captured within seven days. After untold abuse and suffering twelve of them were sent to Chattanooga, seven of whom were tried by a "court to kill," misnamed a court-martial. Andrews, their bold leader, was hanged near Atlanta, Ga., on June 7, 1862. On June 18, 1862, the seven were hanged at Atlanta, Ga. They were: George D. Wilson, Marion A Ross, Perry G. Shadrach and William Campbell, all of the 2d Ohio Infantry; John Scott, 21st Ohio, and Samuel Slavens and Samuel Robertson, 33d Ohio.

The River Press, Ft. Benton, Montana, of December 20, 1893, says: "As between the Missouri weather prophets, Hicks and Foster, the former seems to have a trifle the greater success, in fact, Foster is a lamentable failure, while Hicks is only partially so. In forecasting the weather Hicks had storms predicted on the 10th, but instead the 15th and 16th were very pleasant. On the 18th and 19th Hicks was going to give us record storms, but the 19th is past, and still no storm. Foster, too, had a cold wave of more than usual force to cross the Rocky Mountains about December 10 and sweep across the country, but the 48 degrees above zero on Sunday, 17th inst., was not so unusually cold, at least in Fort Benton. The number of predictions sent out by Hicks and Foster makes it impossible for Foster never hits the mark, and Hicks makes a successful prediction so seldom."

Connecticut's Two Capitals.

J. H. C., Elliott, Iowa: There were two colonies founded in what is now Connecticut—the Hartford colony, at New Haven, and the Connecticut colony at Hartford. These two were afterward united under a royal charter as one colony. The two capitals, Hartford and New Haven, were retained, each being jealous of the other, and not willing to yield the capital to the other. The legislature met in each alternately. Finally, after the late war, the capital was fixed at Hartford. There were two separate and distinct colonies in what is now Rhode Island: the Rhode Island colony, settled at Newport, and the colony of Providence Plantations, settled at Providence. These two were united later, under a royal charter, as one colony, under the name of "Rhode Island and Providence Plantations," which is really the state's official title now. The two capitals were retained. The legislature meets alternately at Providence and Newport.

Weather Prophets.

H. P., Geneseo, Kan.: No scientific man, nor anyone else who knows anything of the science of meteorology, puts the slightest belief in the weather predictions of either Foster or Hicks. It is impossible to predict the weather with certainty for more than three days ahead, and any prediction for a month or so ahead is nothing more than a guess. There is no basis for a prediction for any length of time ahead, as there is in the case of eclipses, for instance. Only ignorant people put any faith in these men, and they follow the way of humanity—when a guess comes true they remember it, and when it don't they forget it.

The Blarney Stone.

W. E. H., Palestine, Ill.: Blarney is a village of Munster county, Ireland, four miles northwest of Cork. It is noted for its castle, built in 1449, standing on a precipitous ridge of limestone. Of the original fortress there remains only a large square, massive tower, with a parapet breast high. The famous "Blarney stone" is one of those of the parapet, and is believed by the ignorant to confer on the person kissing it the peculiar ability to say anything by way of praise, compliment, coaxing, or wheedling, in the way most agreeable to the hearer. This is the origin of the term "blarney" for wheedling talk. The "Blarney stone" at the Irish village at the world's fair was a fraud, and not the original stone.

Satolli.

F. H. L., Meredosia, Ill., writes the following absurd query: "Is it true that the captain of the vessel upon which Mgr. Satolli crossed the ocean was compelled to haul down the American flag before he would consent to become a passenger, and also at his request the Stars and Stripes were lowered from the dome of the capitol while tendered his reception in Washington?"

No, neither is true, and you should know it without asking any one about it. Why did you not comply with rule 1? Have we not a right to state the conditions on which we will answer queries?

The Hawaiian Government.

G. H. R., Toledo, O.: The provisional Hawaiian government was created by revolution, of course—by the authority and power of those engaging in the revolution. It is republican in form and in fact. The machinery and laws are the same as before, only the monarchy being eliminated. It will eventually be remodeled, of course.

M. M., Sauk Center, Minn.: The provisional government of Hawaii was at once recognized by every government having a representative at Honolulu, including, besides our own, Great Britain, France, Germany, China and Japan.

Old Coins.

M. D., Hegins, Pa.: Premiums on old coins are paid simply according to their rarity. There are collectors who are willing to pay more than their face value to complete their collections. There are in the great cities men who deal in old coins. We can not give addresses of dealers, as it would be advertising.

H. H. B., Muskogee, I. T.: We think not.

M. M. S., Hildreth, N. Y.: We can not keep track of the prices of any rare coins except those of the United States.

Old Christmas.

S. P. M., Grelton, O.: When the calendar was reformed by Pope Gregory, the change was made in England by act of Parliament in 1752, September 3 being called the 14th. This of course brought Christmas eleven days earlier than before, and the date on which it would have occurred under the old calendar, January 5, was called by the more ignorant classes of the people "Old Christmas."

Hawaii.

O. M. L., South Charleston, O., asks: "Why would the United States take it as an act of hostility to them if any other nation should undertake to get possession of the Hawaiian Islands?"

Because United States citizens own the great majority of the business and commerce of the islands.

Miscellaneous.

A. V. O., Joplin, Mo.: We do not know.

E. R., Havre de Grace, Md.: We do not know.

A. L., Ogden, Utah: We know nothing about it.

J. D., Elbert, Colo.: See Farmstead department for reply.

T. L. S., Martinsville, W. Va.: Corbett refused to shake hands with Mitchell.

J. I. T., Idaville, Pa.: A book can be, and often is, copyrighted by the publisher.

R. E. G., Bell, Iowa: There are no Brazilian recruiting stations in this country.

L. S., Rome City, Ind.: Philip Barton Key was shot by Gen. Daniel Sickles on February 27, 1859.

V. C., Stella, Neb.: We do not know. Get a bookseller to find out from Eastern publishers' catalogues.

C. A. E., Dodgeville, O., asks how the phrase "wild and woolly west" originated. We don't know. Who can tell us?

C. O. S., East Berkshire, Vt.: The initials "G. O. P." mean "Grand Old Party," and refer to the Republican party.

W. D., Chucky Valley, Tenn.: We are not familiar with the process of manufacturing soap, and are unable to answer.

J. P. D., Kester, W. Va.: A knot, or geographical mile, is one minute of latitude, and equal to 1.16 of our common miles.

W. H. H., Freewater, Ore.: The story that agricultural implements manufactured here are sold cheaper abroad than at home, is simply a lie.

G. C., Dalton, Iowa: There is no book that can give you ideas. You must think for yourself. As to the form of an oration, get any text book on rhetoric.

D. W. L., Toronto, Ark.: We do not know whether there is any sale for white crane feathers now than at some other time. If there was, that would be free advertising.

S. D. N., North Lansing, Mich.: We can not find the article which we recall clearly, and presumed it was returned within a week. The plan is a very old one, and impractical, and hence not worth the space.

A. S., Gillette, Wis.: Spring water contains any soluble matter in the soil through which the water comes. Where the spring comes through limestone soil, it always contains lime, as does that in the soil it contains iron, and so on.

R. I. E., Paw Paw Ford, Tenn.: Lake Memphremagog is about 35 miles long and from two to five miles wide. It lies partly in Vermont and partly in Canada. Why not look at an atlas, and not bother us with so trivial a question?

J. W. R., Pottersville, Mo.: We think a pamphlet edition of the Speedpenlyke Papers was issued by some Eastern publisher. Get a bookseller to send for one. We cannot give addresses in this column. See Rules above.

K. D. E., Ansted, Minn.: When we speak of government bonds selling at 17 per cent premium, we mean that the buyer pays that much, a premium on a bond is always paid by the purchaser. We know of no work describing the new navy.

W. F. S., Cameron, W. Va.: We do not know whether the figures given are correct or not, but they by no means prove that the duty would be saved. In the first place, we need not buy foreign cloth, but home manufactured. Second, the Wilson bill imposes a duty on all imported woolen cloth. The article is simply to suit the ignorant. A suit of cloth is worth $15 in Toledo, made of American cloth; if of foreign cloth, it is worth $25. Why pay $25 when you can buy as good a suit for $15?

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

SHAKEN AND TAKEN.

"Fred is in an awful fix. He proposed to me last night, you know, and——"

"And you accepted him?"—Life.

"Why did they break off the engagement?"

"He told her that since she was engaged to him he wanted her to like his sister, too."—Chicago Record.

"You seem excited, dear. What has happened?"

"Poor Jack Murray! I have just rejected him!"

"Oh, don't mind a little thing like that. Why, I reject him every six months."—Life.

Miss Muggles—I don't like Dr. Pennyasye a bit.

Miss Mugges—Why not?

Miss Muggles—You know he was called in when I was sick, and then he began to call regularly. After I refused him he itemized each of those calls in his bill as professional visits.—Chicago Record.

"Papa," said Miss Bloodhood, "you remember you forbade Mr. Trivvet to call upon me because he worked for a living?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, papa, that objection is now removed. May he call?"

"What's happened? Has some one left him a fortune?"

"No, papa. He can't find any work to do."—Harper's.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young man, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, premature decay, lost vigor, lack of vitality, varicocele, etc., will write me, I will send him a plain envelope sealed, free, full particulars for a certain, speedy and permanent cure. Address, G. B. Wright, Music Dealer, Box 1603, Marshall, Mich.

Something Out of the Rut.

In this day of worn-out church fairs and catch-penny festivals a new idea for socials and young peoples' meetings is always acceptable. A C. E. society of Australia, holds a social meeting once a month, to which the members bring fruits, flowers and delicacies. Each member places his gift on a large table, where they are distributed into packages. These packages are turned over to a city missionary supported by the society, and he carries the gifts to the sick and the poor in hospitals and homes.

Acme of Heartlessness.

"Miss Higginsple seems to be singularly unimpressionable."

"Unimpressionable? She's adamant. That woman could sit with a barrel of sliced onions under her nose and hear Clara Morris play for a whole evening and not shed a tear."—Chicago Tribune.

Famous Battles.

The list of the world's battles comprises 1,827 regular engagements whose names are given as worthy of record.

—RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send stamp for circular and free sample to MARTIN RUDY, Lancaster, Pa. For sale by all first-class druggists.

If you take your Teeth out when you go to sleep, drop them into a glass of Pearline and water, and let them stay there till you want them again.

Then rinse them thoroughly, and perhaps brush them a little, but you won't need any tooth powder. This is the very best way to keep false teeth clean. But it's only one way, out of hundreds, where Pearline can serve you. For thorough, safe, economical cleanliness, wherever it's wanted, the first thing to think of is Pearline.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED

Horse Thin.

G. S., Missouri:—The horse may have eaten too freely of over-ripe millet, resulting in indigestion. The cough is caused by worms. Give every third night 1-2 drachm of calomel on a bran mash; also during the time the medicine is being given stir in his drinking water 2 drachms of the solution of perchloride of iron three times a day. Then give a physic of 3 drachms of powdered aloes. After this operates, stir in his drinking water 1 oz. pulverized saltpetre once a day for three days. Watch the feces after the above treatment, and if in two weeks, worms are again seen, repeat the treatment. After the worms are expelled, in about two weeks give the following once a day for a week: Fowler's solution of arsenic, 1-2 oz.; iodide of potash, 1-4 oz.; water, 1 pt.. Mix for a draught. The horse must be kept in a well-bedded stall, curried regularly, fed at regular hours, and have a fair amount of exercise.

Raw Spots on Belly of Cow.

J. F., Virginia:—You do not describe the nature of the spots. Do they appear anywhere else on the cow? Do crusts form on them? It may or may not be mange, which will attack both cattle and horses. You are advised to take of lard, unsalted, 2 ozs.; beeswax, 2 ozs.; resin, 1 oz.; carbolic acid, 1-4 oz. Mix the lard, resin and beeswax, and when cooling stir the carbolic acid in thoroughly. Rub a little in twice a day. This is an excellent salve for both man and beast. Clean up the stall, curry your cow and burn the hair. If blotches appear on other parts of the cow, with hard incrustations, write, and the editor will tell you what to do. Give the cow no corn for two weeks.

Wants an Explanation.

J. W. McC., Ohio:—The reason cows eat straw used for bedding and cast out with the manure is because it has a saline taste, from the urine. Cattle should be regularly salted, especially milch cows. They should not be allowed to go to the straw in the manure pile. Cows suffering from indigestion will eat greedily of straw thrown out with manure, and it is positively injurious to them. There are certain properties in urine—salt and nitre—that are necessary at times, the latter being a diuretic.

Scum on Mule's Eye.

J. H., Kentucky:—As the scum on your mule's eye was the result of injury to the eye, unless it spreads, you might as well let it alone. The treatment would be: Make a solution of 3 grains nitrate of silver and 1 oz. distilled water. Touch the scum once a day with a soft feather dipped in the solution.

Turkey Has Roup.

Mrs. R. H., Wisconsin: Your turkey has roup, and if you have others he must be removed from them at once, as it will otherwise spread through the entire flock.

Talmage's Sermon.

SERMON BY REV. DR. TALMAGE ON THE FEATURES.

Chisels Which Cut the Countenance—Face of Christ the Most Beautiful, Pitying and Tender.

In the Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday, Rev. Dr. Talmage chose for the subject of his sermon, "The Human Face." The text was Ecclesiastes viii. 1: "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine and the boldness of his face shall be changed," or, as it may be rendered, "the sourness of his face shall be sweetened."

Thus a little change in our English translation brings out the better meaning of the text, which sets forth that the character of the face is decided by the character of the soul. The main features of our countenance were decided by the Almighty and we can not change them; but under God we decide whether we shall have countenances benignant or baleful, sour or sweet, wrathful or genial, benevolent or mean, honest or scoundrelly, impudent or modest, courageous or cowardly, frank or sneaking. In all the works of God there is nothing more wonderful than the human countenance. Though the longest face is less than twelve inches from the hair line of the forehead to the bottom of the chin, and the broadest face is less than eight inches from cheek bone to cheek bone, yet in that small compass God has wrought such differences that the sixteen hundred millions of the human race may be distinguished from each other by their facial appearances. The face is ordinarily the index of the character. It is the throne of the emotions. It is the battlefield of the passions. It is the catalogue of character. It is the map of the mind. It is the geography of the soul. And while the Lord decides before our birth whether we shall be handsome or homely, we are by the character we form deciding whether our countenances shall be pleasant or disagreeable. This is so much so that some of the most beautiful faces are unattractive, because of their arrogance or their deceitfulness, and some of the most rugged and irregular features are attractive because of the kindness that shines through them. Accident or sickness, or scarification may veil the face so that it shall not express the soul, but in the majority of cases give me a deliberate look at a man's countenance and I will tell you whether he is a cynic or an optimist, whether he is noble or ignominious, whether he is good or bad. Our first impression of a man or woman is generally the accurate impression. You look at the first glance make up your mind that some man is unworthy of your friendship, but afterward by circumstances being put into intimate association with him, you come to trust him. Yet, stay with him long enough, and you will be compelled to return to your original estimate of his character, but it will be after he has cheated you out of everything he could lay hands on. It is of God's mercy that we have these outside indices of character.

Now, what practical religious and eternal use would I make of this subject? I am going to show that while we are not responsible for our features, the Lord Almighty having decided what they shall be prenatally, as the Psalmist declares when he writes: "In thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them," and yet the character which under God we form will chisel the face most mightily. Every man would like to have been made in appearance an Alcibiades, and every woman would like to have been made a Josephine. We all want to be agreeable. Our usefulness depends so much upon it that I consider it important and Christian for every man and woman to be as agreeable as possible. The slouch, the sloven, the man who does not care how he looks, all such people lack equipment for usefulness. A minister who has to throw a quid of tobacco out of his mouth before he begins to preach, or Christians with untrimmed beard, making them look like wild beasts come out of the lair, yea, unkempt, uncombed, unwashed, disagreeable men and women, are a hindrance to religion more than a recommendation.

Now my text suggests how we may, independent of features, make ourselves agreeable: "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine and the sourness of his face shall be sweetened," What I say may come too late for many. Their countenance may by long years of hardness have been frozen into stolidity; or by long years of cruel behavior they may have Hercolized all the machinery of expression; or by long years of avarice they may have been Shylocked until their face is as hard as the precious metal they are hoarding; but I am in time to help multitudes if the Lord will. That it is possible to overcome disadvantages of physiognomy was in this country mightily illustrated by one whose life recently closed—after having served in the Presidential Cabinet at Washington. By accident of fire in childhood his face had been more piteously scarred than any human visage that I ever saw. By hard study he rose from being a poor boy to the very height of the legal profession, and when an attorney general for the United States was needed, he entered the Presidential Cabinet. What a triumph over destroyed human countenance! I do not wonder that when an opposing attorney in a Philadelphia court room cruelly referred to this disfigurement, Benjamin F. Brewster replied in these words: "When I was a babe I was a beautiful, blue-eyed child. I know this because my dear dead mother told me so; but I was one day playing with my sister, when her clothes took fire, and I ran to her relief and saved her, but in doing so my clothes took fire, and the fire was put out until my face was as black as the heart of the scoundrel who has just now referred to my disfigurement." Heroism conquering physical disabilities! That scarred, angular features are not necessary for making powerful impression, witness Paul, who photographs himself as in "bodily presence weak;" and George Whitefield, whose eyes were squint with strabismus and Alexander H. Stephens, who sat with pale and sick face in invalid's chair, while he thrilled the American Congress with his eloquence; and thousands of invalid preachers, and Sabbath school teachers, and Christian workers. Aye, the most glorious being the world ever saw was foreseen by Isaiah, who described his face brulsed, and gashed, and sacrificed, and said of him, "His visage was so marred more than any man." So you see that the loveliest face in the universe was a scarred face.

And now I am going to tell you of some of the chisels that work for the disfiguration or irradiation of the human countenance. One of the sharpest and most destructive of those chisels of the countenance is cynicism. That sours the disposition and then sours the face. It gives a contemptuous curl to the lip. It draws down the corners of the mouth and inflates the nostril as with a malador. What David said in haste they say in their deliberation: "All men are liars;" everything is going to ruin. All men and women are bad or going to be. Society and the church are on the down grade. Tell them of an act of benevolence, and they say he gave that to advertise himself.

But let Christian cheerfulness try its chisel upon a man's countenance. Feeling that all things are for his good, and that God rules, and that the Bible being true the world's floralization is rapidly approaching, and the day when beer mug, and demijohn, and distillery, and bombshell, and rifle pit, and seventy-four pounders, and roulette tables, and corrupt book, and satanic printing press will have quit work, the brightness that comes from such anticipation not only gives zest to his work, but shines in his eyes and glows in his cheek and kindles a morning in his entire countenance. Those are the faces I look for in an audience. Here is another mighty chisel for the countenance, and you may call it revenge, or hate, or malevolence. This spirit having taken possession of the heart, it encamps seven devils under the eyebrows. It puts cruelty into the compression of the lips. You can tell from the man's looks that he is pursuing some one and trying to get even with him.

But here comes another chisel to shape the countenance, and it is kindness. There came a morning day, and into her soul moved the whole family of Christian graces, with all the children and grandchildren, and the command has come forth from the heavens that that woman's face shall be made to correspond with the superb soul.

But here comes another chisel, and its name is hypocrisy. Christ with one terrific stroke in his Sermon on the Mount described this character: "When ye fast be not as the hyprocrites, of a sad countenance; for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast."

Here comes another chisel, and that belongs to the old-fashioned religion. It first takes possession of the whole soul, washing out its sins by the blood of the lamb and starting heaven right there and then. This done deep down in the heart, religion says: "Now let me go up to the windows and front gate of the face and set up some signal that I have taken possession of this castle. I will celebrate the victory by an illumination that no one can mistake.

But I can tell you of a more sympathetic, and more tender, and more loving face than any of the faces I have mentioned. "No, you cannot," says some one. I can, and I will. It is the face of Jesus Christ as he was on earth and is now in heaven. When preparing my Life of Christ, entitled, "From Manger to Throne," I ransacked the art galleries and portfolios of the world to find a picture of our Saviours' face that might be most expressive, and I saw it as Francesco Francia painted it in the sixteenth century, and as the emerald intaglio of the sixth century presented it, and as a fresco in the catacombs near Rome preserved it, and as Leonardo da Vinci showed it in "The Last Supper," and I looked in the Louvre, and the Luxembourg, and the Vatican, and the Dresden, and the Berlin, and Neapolitan, and London galleries for the most inspiring face of Christ, and many of the presentations were wonderful for pathos, and majesty, and power, and execution; but although I selected that by Ary Scheffer as in some respects the most expressive, I felt as we all feel, that our Christ has never yet been presented either in sculpture or painting, and that we will have to wait until we rise to the Upper Palace, where we shall see him as he is.

Very Queer

Are the sensations experienced by the nervous and dyspeptic. Unaccountable palpitation, buzzing in the ears, flushing of one side of the face, odd taste and tingling in the mouth, constant restlessness, stinging in the gullet and sinking in the stomach, acute sensitiveness to slight sounds that magnifies them tenfold, low spirits—these are only a few of the charming experiences of the individual who suffers from combined nervousness and indigestion—a team that usually travel together. Their gay and festive career is, however, brought to a full stop by that greatest of stomachics, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also overcomes their allies—constipation and biliousness. This popular remedy fortifies those who use it against malaria, chronic rheumatism and kidney complaint, restores nervous quietude and promotes appetite, vigor and sleep.

ARE YOU A DARING BRUNETTE?

If You Are Not, Avoid This Bonnet as You Would the Plague.

In the milliner's window it looked almost grotesque—the little round toque of coarse bright yellow straw. There was no trimming about the brim, no facing to soften the effect of the glaring color. A big bow of broad pink ribbon, slightly embroidered with jet, was perched directly in the middle of the crown. On

one side of the brim was a bunch of white violets and on the other a bunch of black violets. A couple of black moire strings started abruptly from the back. Altogether a more eccentric bit of millinery has seldom been seen—until she came. She is a slender, clearskinned brunette, with daring enough to wear anything. The bright yellow and pink seemed ravishing above her glossy dark hair. The ridiculous violets seemed merely extremely Parisian. She surveyed herself twice in the glass and said: "My Lenten search is over; I have found my Easter bonnet."

The Modern Way

Commends itself to the well-formed, to do pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeably as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headaches and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs.

A Point in the Litany.

Kate Field's Washington: Mrs. Richard Clarke, wife of the Congressman from Mobile, Ala., is one of the few women brave enough to scatter witty things in the waste of five-minute official calls. At the house of Mrs. Hale of Maine, the church service was mentioned.

"There's one portion of the litany," said Mrs. Clarke, "that always used to bother me. It's where we pray especially for the 'widowed and fatherless.' I never could see why they needed praying for so much, as I thought motherless children deserved pity much more; but I've just found out why the motherless aren't mentioned. It's because there are so few of them, as the first thing a man does when he is bereft of his wife is to look around for a new mother for his children."

In the laugh that followed Mrs. Clarke clinched her argument on the litany with, "I think I ought to know, for didn't I marry a widower myself?"

POOR THING!

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right down in the middle of her forehead;
So she wore it to the hop,
And it happened off to drop—
And the language that she thought was simply horrid!
—Indianapolis Journal.

Hebrews in Palestine.

Baron Edmond de Rothschild's colony in Palestine shows such promise of success that he has purchased more land. In accordance with the Baron's request the colonists have all abandoned the use of Yiddish and now speak nothing but Hebrew.

The Queen's Crown.

In the face of the absolutely stupendous number of pictures which represent Queen Victoria in any and every domestic occasion with her crown on, it is rather curious to learn that she has not, as a matter of fact, worn it more than twenty times during her whole reign.

What It Sounds Like.

Little Effie (who has stroked the kitten until she has begun to purr)—Maudie, do you hear that?

Sister Maud—Hear what, Effie?

Effie—Why, I do believe kitty's boiling. —Harper's Bazar.

A Slight Error.

Featherstone—Do you remember the last sleigh ride you took, Miss Maude?

Miss Sumit—Yes, indeed. That was the night you tried to kiss me, wasn't it?

Featherstone—Why—I didn't know I tried to kiss you.

Miss Sumuit (blushing)—Oh, I remember now. That was the night after.—Truth.

The Taming of the Shrew.

Hudson—I should think you would be positively afraid to marry such a—well, such a high-spirited woman.

Murray—Not at all. I can bring her down very quickly.

Hudson—Can you? How?

Murray—I'll hire a couple of English men servants.—Truth.

Some of Them Are Not There.

The fenders of the trolley cars have not proved invariably to be de-fenders of life and limb.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Weak Digestion

strange as it may seem, is caused from a lack of that which is never exactly digested—*fat*. The greatest fact in connection with

Scott's Emulsion

appears at this point—it is *partly digested fat*—and the most weakened digestion is quickly strengthened by it.

The only possible help in Consumption is the arrest of waste and renewal of new, healthy tissue. Scott's Emulsion has done wonders in Consumption just this way.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

The Camp Fire.

About Price's Raid.

Editor Camp Fire:—Being an interested reader of The Blade and liking the Camp Fire best of all, I noticed the accounts of Price's raid through Missouri, I will say that I am one of the boys of Co. B, 1st M. S. M. Cav., that was stationed at Jefferson City, Mo., prior to Price's raid, in the autumn of 1864. The boys did dread labor, especially on the entrenchments, of which we had three lines in the west half of the city.

Then we were ordered to cut down everything that was in the way, consisting of yard fences, evergreens, etc., and leave nothing standing except dwelling houses. How the ladies did beg us to leave their property alone! Now, all being ready to receive "Pap" Price, sure enough, one day he sent a messenger to the city officials, warning the citizens of Jefferson City who didn't want to stand the fire to leave the city, for he expected to make an attack at 1 p. m. next day.

That next day came, and we partook of a hearty dinner, consisting of beef, which had been cooked all forenoon, and the boys said they could not eat seagrass ropes, and finished on hardtack and coffee. We had no more than finished when we heard the bugle sound "Rally."

We took our battery and marched about a quarter of a mile south of town and planted it. Co. A supported it on the left and Co. B supported it on the right. We did not have to wait long before we could see the Johnnies coming. The underbrush on the next hillside opposite us was about four feet high, which only left the upper part of their bodies exposed to our view. Later, they came over the hill 100 deep, by a flank movement, and 5,000 strong. They had their battery planted, and fired their first shot at us. It was an old percussion shell, and looked to be as large as a wooden pail. It struck the earth not more than ten steps in front of our battery, but did not explode.

Our shot was next. They returned it, and overshot us and went into the river. Then they met each other between the lines with twelve-pound howitzers, and continued cannonading until 5 p. m. Then the Johnnies withdrew and marched in the direction of Booneville, in pursuit of their main command. We went to our quarters for the night. Next morning we made ready and followed them. We had not gone more than twelve miles before we came in contact with their rear guard.

Thois was on the Booneville road, leading through to California. When they saw that we were overtaking them, they began to shoot six-pound balls at us, which amounted to but very little. They kept it up at intervals until we reached California. There they made a stand, and we were reinforced by Gen. Pleasonton. Their only object in making an attack was to prevent us from molesting their main command, which consisted of about 34,000 men. I don't mean to say that we were fighting the whole command. We soon made it too hot for them, but while we were skirmishing Price went to the hotel to get his dinner. It was kept by his cousin. After dinner, while there, he had hand-bills printed reading about as follows:

"All citizens that wish to join my command meet me at Booneville tonight.—Sterling Price, Commander.

These bills he had tacked to trees all along the road to Booneville. We marched on after him until dark, stopping for the night about half a mile south of Booneville, dusty, tired and hungry.

But there was nothing to eat for ourselves or horses. We were glad to get a good night's rest. The next morning was beautiful and quiet until about a half an hour after sunrise, when we heard musketry in Booneville. It was Price cutting his way out through Gen. Blount's command. For Gen. Blount had arrived the evening before with 25,000 men and surrounded Price, as he thought.

But Price went on through and up the river to Kansas City, with Gen. Blount in pursuit. We got orders to go back to California, to see if the rations had come, but they had not. By this time we were getting hungry, for we had had nothing to eat for two days. We scattered out over town and got our dinners.

Another comrade and I were sent to Jefferson City to assist in holding camp, while the rest went on after the enemy.

Well, comrades of the 1st M. S. M., who read this and can remember better, I hope to hear from you through the Camp Fire.—John W. Harelson, 1st M. S. M., late Co. K, 28th Ills. Vol. Inf.

The Killing of Gen. Garnett.

Editor Camp Fire:—Please allow me space in your columns to give the facts as to the killing of General Garnett, who was killed at Carrick's ford, on Cheat river, and to whom it should be accredited. This happened in July, 1861, and I have never heard of any regiment but the Seventh Indiana who claimed to have done the killing, but many things have been told about it, which are untrue, however, with no evil intent. Now, as the Seventh Indiana has carried the belt long enough I will give to the public what I believe to be the exact facts. I was a member of Company I, Fourteenth regiment, of Ohio volunteers, and can remember well what transpired on that day. I was one of the advance guards, and was probably within 300 feet of General Garnett when he was killed.

The narrow river was all that divided the two armies. General Garnett knew Colonel Steadman well, and seeing him ordered his men to shoot at him. Colonel Steadman heard what the general said, and took shelter behind a stump which was near him. A shower of bullets came on an instant, which would have certainly killed the colonel. At the same time I heard one of Company K's men that was in the advance guard say there was a nice work, and he took deliberate aim and fired and we all fired at same time. We saw quite a commotion just across the river from where we were, but at that time knew nothing of the killing of General Garnett. The Fourteenth regiment came up and the battle opened in good shape. The fight lasted about 30 minutes. The seventh Second regiment crossing the river above the rebel army and flanking them out of the stronghold which they occupied on the rocks on the opposite side of the river, so that the rebels were compelled to retreat. The same regiment followed them so closely that they were compelled to leave their dead general at the next ford and go over without him, as the Seventh were in hot pursuit, and we had captured their entire wagon train at Carrick's ford leaving them without conveyance even to carry away the dead general.—Comrade A. R. Hell, Co. I, Fourteenth, and Co. F, Tenth Ohio.

Thomas's Favorite Brigade.

The story told by General Boynton of the action of General Van Derveer's brigade at Chickamauga in The Blade of January 18 is one of special interest to me, as I belonged to the same (Brannan's) division.

In one statement, however, I think General Boynton is mistaken. If General Thomas had a special pride in any one brigade it was in the Third brigade, Third division of the Fourteenth corps. This brigade was organized at Lebanon, Ky., in the autumn of 1861, by Thomas himself, and was composed of the Tenth Indiana, Seventeenth Ohio and Fourth and Tenth Kentucky regiments, commanded respectively by Colonels Manson, Steedman, Croxton and Harlan.

Thomas thus became intimately associated with this brigade, and though his personal command of it did not last long, as he was promoted, he never forgot his connection and personal acquaintance with it, and always spoke of it as the "old guard." This was well understood in the division, as well as the fact that he often selected the brigade for special work.

It was this brigade that opened the battle of Chickamauga on the 19th of September, 1863, by special order of Thomas.

In proof of this statement I refer the readers of The Blade to the book entitled "Thomas and his campaigns," by a member of his staff. This opening fight occurred early in the morning, nearly a mile in advance of the position occupied, at the time, by the Fourteenth corps. The brigade defeated Forest's cavalry first, and then for full half an hour fought Walker's entire division of Bragg's army until reinforcements arrived.

During this time every mounted officer of the five regiments (the Seventy-fourth Indiana had been added to the brigade) was killed, wounded or unhorsed, except Lieut. Col. M B. Taylor, of the Tenth Indiana.

An amusing incident occurred during the most desperate part of the fight which showed the humorous nature of General Croxton in a strong light, but before relating it I will tell how the fight was brought about.

About daylight on the morning of the 19th of September Colonel Minty, of the cavalry, reported to General Thomas that a brigade of the enemy had crossed the river during the night, and that he thought it could be captured.

Thomas sent an order to Brannan to send Croxton's brigade out towards the river to hunt up and try to capture the "Johnnies." Croxton first struck Forest's brigade of cavalry, which was demolished in short order, and then, almost immediately, was attacked by Walker's division. While his brigade was being almost enveloped by the three brigades of the enemy and his regiments were compelled to fire at right and left obliquely as well as in front, he sent a message to Thomas telling him that if he would have a red string tied to the brigade he wanted captured, so it could be identified, he would take it for him!

The colonels of the four original regiments constituting this brigade soon won their stars, and became prominent generals. Steadman is dead, and I think Croxton is, but Manson lives at Crawfordsville, Ind., and Harlan is an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court at Washington.

In a future article I will tell about a very cool and daring act of two regiments of this brigade during the second day's battle.—Frank Mayfield.

The Louisiana Campaign.

Editor Camp Fire:—In December, 1863, we lay at Berwick Bay, La., some 80 miles from New Orleans. While there we drew some spoiled meat. Co. C buried theirs, and sang "Daddy Grimes" over its grave. Co. A was not to be outdone, so they took a file of soldiers and some of the band boys and with muffled drums, they proceeded to the grave, carrying the meat on two sticks. After it was buried, they fired three volleys over the grave and left it alone in its glory.

From Berwick Bay we went to Algiers, the troops all going by the cars, except our regiment, which was detailed to guard the wagon train. We struck the Mississippi 60 miles above New Orleans, and had to pass Gen. Dick Taylor's plantation.

As we passed down the river, some of the boys (myself included) made it up to have a chicken at his expense. So when we got to the door-yard, we made a break over the fence in order to reconnoiter among his poultry. I was after one, and could almost taste it fried for supper, when I saw a fine, large negro take after Dallas Wycoff, who had caught one, and had started towards the road. Wycoff turned on the negro, but he was perfectly fearless, and being almost as large again as Wicoff, he was about to take his chicken, when Wicoff broke and run for the road, the negro about six feet behind him all the way.

The boys at the road opened the gate for Wicoff, and shut it against the darkey. I think this negro must have been one after Taylor's own heart, and such cases seldom happened during the war, as the slaves could not do too much for the Union soldiers.

We did but little on the west side of the river for Uncle Sam, but around Vicksburg we gave him quite a lift. Our brigade was composed of the 16th, 67th and 60th Indiana, 96th and 83d Ohio, and 23d Wisconsin. Gen. Burbridge commanding, and A. J. Smith division commander.

Once in a while I see letters from some of the boys, and it makes the blood tingle a little faster as I read their accounts of battles in which I took a part. Peace and good will to all of them.—J. Fulkerson, 83d reg., O. V. I.

Is Comrade Wells a Populist?

Editor Camp Fire:—The frequent allusions to I. H. Wells's article, that appeared in the Camp Fire some time ago, should cause Comrade Wells to set himself right before his comrades. In justice to them, I will say that Comrade Wells has always been esteemed a brave soldier who always did his whole duty and shot to kill. He no doubt wrote the article for a joke. The trouble with Wells is, he has joined the Populists and has to do his share of ridiculing the old soldiers and the cause they so gallantly defended. I hope the veterans will have pity and deal gently with Comrade Wells, as his politics show he is not responsible for his actions. I do not believe a sane veteran would vote the Populist ticket.—W. A. Murphy, Son of a Veteran

Splinters.

Comrade J. E. Woodward, 73 years old, recalls some pleasant incidents.

Comrade D. R. Braun, Company K, One Hunderd and Twenty-ninth Ohio, asks for stories of the fight in Cumberland Gap.

Comrade Marion Alton, Tenth Indiana, Company B, protests against not flying the Stars and Stripes at the Capitol at all times.

Comrade George Graham has some interesting experiences of the Price raid in Sedalia, Mo., and asks of other comrades if they recall the campaign.

Comrade Cyrus W. Spade, of the Fifth Ohio Sharpshooters, asks why some of his comrades don't relate some of their many interesting adventures.

Comrade H. A. Barber, Company A, Seventy-seventh Illinois, comments on the Red river campaign, and Congressman Elijah Morse's recent story of General Bank's bravery.

Comrade W. H. T., Company A, First Pennsylvania Reserve Cavalry, calls for stories of the charges made by the Pennsylvania reserves at the battle of Fredericksburg.

THE WORKING GIRL.

Miss Sallie Palmer Gives Some Suggestions to Girls About Backache, Faintness, and Dizziness.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

Did you ever notice working girls on their way home from stores or factories?

MISS SALLIE PALMER.

Did you notice how many of them had pale cheeks, dull eyes, and heavy steps? and did you wonder why they were not ruddy and bright?

The story which is told by Miss Sallie Palmer, of Nicetown, Pa., gives the reason for this sad condition of many working girls.

Sometimes their back and sides will ache terribly. They are faint and dizzy with pain and weight in the lower part of their stomach. They watch the clock, and wish that the day would end, as they feel so ill and tired.

Standing all day, week in and week out, they have slowly drifted into woman's great enemy, displacement of the womb. That, or some other derangement of the organ, causes irregularity or suspension of the "monthly periods," bloating, flooding, or nervous prostration.

"Take warning in time," she says; "*Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound is the surest and safest remedy in the world for you."

The Sunday School.

Jacob at Bethel.

LESSON X., SUNDAY, MARCH 11, 1894.

Golden Text: Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee.—Gen. 28: 15.

LESSON TEXT.

Genesis 28: 10-22.

10. And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran.

11. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set: and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.

12. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

13. And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed;

14. And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth; and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south: and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

15. And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and I will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.

16. And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not.

17. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

18. And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and he took the stone that he had set up for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it.

19. And he called the name of that place Bethel: but the name of that city was called Luz at the first.

20. And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on,

21. So that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God:

22. And this stone, which I have set up for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee.

Illustrative Applications.

Jacob went out from Beer-sheba (v. 10). We see, in this story, that one square lie told in the hope of temporal gain turns a brother into an enemy, grieves the heart of an aged father, makes a mother anxious for the safety of her favorite child, and forces the liar to fly for his life, and to be a stranger thenceforward from him boyhood's home. It doesn't pay to lie and cheat. There is little comfort in ill-got-ten gains. "Honesty is the best policy." A single act of deception or of meanness will sometimes put an end to all the love and joy and peace in a household. There is no real comfort to a supplanter in the home where he has proved himself false.

He took one of the stones of the place, and put it under his head, and lay down....to sleep (v. 11). Whatever else Jacob is to be blamed for, it is not for this. He was making the best of his case, and that is always praiseworthy. Some men will get more comfort out of a brush cabin in the woods, than others would out of a first-class hotel; and they would find less to growl over, if they had lost their way in a wet, dark night, than the others would while sitting in their own dining-room before a well-spread table. There always is a brighter side to every case. Stone pillows are better than nothing to keep the head from the ground. And when we find ourselves away from home and friends, with nothing better than the ground to lie on, and with the night shutting in about us, instead of giving way to utter despair, with the feeling that there will never be daylight again, nor better fare for us elsewhere, let us look at the brighter side of this gloomy case, and, taking one of the stones of the place for a pillow, let us lie down to sleep.

A ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it (v. 12). It is not a great way to heaven from the hardest bed we ever lie down on. That bed may be the ground, and our pillow a stone. We may seem all alone in the world. But at our very side a ladder foot rests, and the top of that ladder reaches heaven. Instead of being alone in the dreariest night, we are watched over by God's angels coming down to learn our needs, and going back to report them. It would be well if we gave less thought to our bed, and more to that ladder, when our needs are greatest.

I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of (v. 15). Just so long as one of God's promises to a believer is unfulfilled, that believer may be sure that God is with him to make that promise good. In the path of a child of God seems hopelessly blocked, and he is seemingly alone and in helpless need, if he is beset with embarrassments before and behind and on either hand, let him look to the Bible promises to a believer in such a case as his. When he finds that God has promised wisdom, guidance, strength, safety, support, supply, deliverance, peace, to those who are in such an emergency as his, he may be sure that God has not yet deserted him, nor will leave him until the last of these promises is made good to him in literaliness. There is nothing on earth to rest on, nor anything in heaven, in comparison with a specific promise of God.

The Lord is in this place, and I knew not (v. 16). The Lord is in a great many places where men little think of his presence. It is taken for granted that he is in his sanctuary. Men understand that he is near by when they go to the place of social prayer, or when they drop on their knees in their closets. But when they are driving a sharp bargain, and trying to overreach a neighbor, when they are giving way to ill-temper or meanness; when they are thinking evil all by themselves; when they are in places or in company they would be ashamed of, the facts were made public—they do not realize that the Lord is there, just as surely as at the communion table, and that they are as truly in his presence, and face to face with him as they would be on their death-beds. Wherever you are the Lord is in that place—whether you realize it or not. "The Lord is in this place!"

Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee (v. 22). This was not an attempt on Jacob's part to bribe the Almighty. Nor was it an invention by Jacob of a peculiar standard of religious giving. It was simply a recognition by him of the fair thing, in the use of all his worldly gettings from God—and what would he ever have that did not come from God? There never had been a time when it was right to give the Lord less than one-tenth of all one's income. There never has been since Jacob's day. Long before then, Jacob's grandfather had turned over the one-tenth of the spoils of battle to the Lord's priest, before he handed to the remainder to the king of Sodom. The man who calls himself a Christian, and gives less than one-tenth of his income to the Lord, is a meaner man than the king of Sodom, who was ready to give more than that to God's representative.—H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.

DO YOU HAVE ASTHMA?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

Consolation.

She—"Oh, George, that horrid Brooks girl saw you kiss me last night."

He—"That's all right. She won't say anything. I kissed her, too."—Detroit Free Press.

Too Cheap for Her.

Mrs. Newgold—Have you any of Shelley's poems?

Clerk—We have a very fine edition of "Prometheus Unbound."

Mrs. Newgold—But I want it bound—and as expensively as possible.—Truth.

No Social Distinctions.

First Street Laborer—I haven't always been this way. There was a time when I had my own team and carriage and did not have to work at all.

Second Laborer—Ah, well, we don't lay that up agin yer. We ain't no society duds here.—Indianapolis Journal.

HER STROKE OF ECONOMY.

It Was Rather Expensive, But It Pleased Her Husband.

When a woman who has never had to curb her shopping instincts, whose bills have always been paid by a father's or a husband's check without question, suddenly determines to assume the character of a man's wise and economical helpmeet she develops a phase of feminine character that is nothing less than fascinating—except to the unhappy man being "helped" says the New York Sun. One such amazed her husband after the opera one evening by declining his invitation to drive down to Del's, or somewhere else, for a little supper. She had a surprise for him, she said, proudly. She had heard that the times were hard, and she was just going to save money for her dear old hubby, bless his heart, by having a little bit of a home supper, which wouldn't cost a cent, for she was going to put it up all by her own little economical self.

She was so delighted with her scheme that she had invited a few of her friends to join them, just to show other and extravagant wives their duty. Hubby was rejoiced. The little party consisted of only about a dozen. Wifey had bought fetching little face-trimmed caps and aprons, which she insisted on all the ladies of the party wearing while they helped her prepare the supper for their husbands and keeping as reminders of their duty. There was terrapin, cooked in chafing dishes; pate de foie gras sandwiches, made by the delightful amateurs; and cold partridge, carved by them, and champagne, which they served. "Really," said the husband, telling about it at the club, "it was one of the nicest little suppers I ever ate, and I don't suppose the whole spread, including wine and all, cost over $50, not counting the aprons and caps. An economical wife during hard times is a trifle expensive. Our supper at a restaurant would have cost $8 or $7."

The Spring Medicine

"All run down" from the weakening effects of warm weather, you need a good tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not put off taking it. Numerous little ailments, if neglected, will soon break up the system. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now, to expel disease and give you strength and appetite.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.

Shaking Hands.

The handshake is a relic of homage; the lifted hat is a memory of the lifted helmet and a sign of peace. There are curious reasons for some of the customs of greetings and good-byes, which in times past have been a matter of importance, though they may seem trifling now as friends meet each other in the street or drawing room. It seems a pity that the inconspicuous, friendly handshake should degenerate into anything so ungraceful, so peculiar as the present fashionable maneuver, which gives rise to many awkward situations. The pump-handle shake has nothing to recommend it. At the best it is only a waste of the hour to please the fickle idler. It is an awkward attempt to shake two hands on the level of the face, with a curious sideways movement lower down, which finally ends in a ridiculous sawing of the air, perfectly indescribable. It lacks all the spontneity of the easy, cordial grasp of the hand and bids fair to turn a customary act of friendship into ridicule. Ludicrous instances occur often in society, which leave a feeling of chagrin, on the part of the at least, for nobody likes to put forward the hand with a pleasant smile of recognition only to find the greeting ignored, because one does not happen to be familiar with this new pump-handle action which the old friend has adopted. Vagaries of fashion change, and it is to be hoped this late style of hand shaking will soon be dropped, while it should be perfectly good form in any circle to keep to the old dignified fashion of salutation.—Brooklyn Eagle.

For Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, etc., effectual relief is found in the use of "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES." Price 25c. Sold only in boxes.

The "Water Cask" Plant.

A celebrated African traveler mentions that in crossing one of the many sandy deserts in that country he came across the only known living species of aqua bulbo, the "water-cask" plant. The region it inhabits is far from any stream of water, where, as far as the eye can reach, nothing can be seen but heaps of sand. "The sight of this little green creeper, which resembles the common groundivy in some respects," he says, "filled me with an intense longing to once more see the green meadows and cool, shady forests which we had now left at least 200 miles behind. For four days we had not seen even so much as a spear of grass or a dried-up cactus, the latter having been quite plentiful the week before. The botanist of the company, in examining one of the plants, found thus unexpectedly growing in the center of a sandy African desert, noticed what he supposed was a green, bulbous fruit growing under the thick leaves of the creeper, almost resting upon the sand underneath. In making an effort to pluck one of these for preservation it burst with a smart report, throwing water in the face and over the clothes of the intruding naturalist. Here, surely, we had a first-class wonder; a plant growing in the desert with no other green thing in sight, carrying its own waterbags with it. Parvin, our chemist, analyzed the water found in some of the bulbs picked for his inspection, and declared it to be absolutely pure, as much so as distilled rain water. Each bulb or berry contained about two to four tablespoonfuls of water. As it happened, we had a supply of water sufficient for our journey and to spare, but Williamson, the botanist, and Parvin, the chemist, with all the enthusiasm of true scientists, plucked about a quart of the wretched berries and expressed the water, something over a pint, and drank it with apparent relish."

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will enclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No humbug, no deception. Address Mr. Thomas Barnes, Marshall, Mich.

Too Much Gayety.

The old member of Congress had been appointed as one of the committee to attend the remains of a fellow member to their last resting place.

"I can't possibly go," he protested.

"Why not?" inquired the chairman.

"Because my wife died about a month ago."

"But that certainly is no reason why you can't go to a funeral," expostulated the chairman.

"Not an ordinary funeral," argued the member, "but you forget this is a Congressional funeral."

He was excused.—Boston Common.

The Great Brotherhood.

Beggar—Cahn't you give me a nickel, sir? I'm nigh starving.

Bronson—It is very evident you don't know me. I'm a Wall Street man.

Beggar—Pardon me, sir. If I'd a-known I wouldn't 'a' spoke. But I'll make up for it, sir. Here's a quarter, if it'll help you. —Harper's.

Excited.

Strawber—I was getting on an elevated train this morning, and I stepped on the feet of one of the guards.

Singerly—Was he mad?

Strawber—Great Scott, yes. He called out the names of several stations.—Life.

Vast Antiquity.

"Whose picture is that?"

"That's one of the ballet girls at the Metropolitan, taken when she was sixteen."

"Get out! Photography wasn't invented then.—Hallo.

Couldn't Have Been.

"Capt. Hawkins, Mr. de Sappy," said Ethel.

"I think I've met Capt. Hawkins at the Actahs' club," said de Sappy.

"No, I think not," returned the captain, gruffly. "I've never been there Ladies' day."—Harper's Bazar.

Pointed.

Briggs—How did you like the human pincushion at the museum?

Griggs—I thought he was stuck on himself.—Truth.

THOSE BALLOON SLEEVES

Women are angels—the poets have said it
Over and over and over again;
Fashion's in league with them—much to her credit—
So insist all but the horrible men.

Look at the fashion plate, all ye who doubt it;
Gaze at the slee

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1894.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000

COUPON NO. 2.

This week we start Coupon No. 2, which will run every week during March. This coupon entitles every subscriber who cuts it out and sends with a dollar and the name of a new subscriber, to Parts 5, 6, 7 and 8 of the beautiful art series, "Sights and Scenes of the World." It goes without saying that every one who sent a new subscriber during February and obtained the first four parts, will very quickly make use of this new No. 2 coupon. It is not to be understood that we have stopped receiving Coupon No. 1 under this offer. In fact, we expect, for a number of weeks yet, to receive subscriptions with the No. 1 coupon. Every subscriber has copies of the Weekly Blade on hand yet, containing Coupon No. 1, which can be used at any time while this offer lasts. Those subscribers who are out of February copies of The Blade, and desire to use a No. 1 coupon, may obtain a back number by inclosing a 2-cent stamp to "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio." It will be important for everybody to retain back numbers of the Weekly Blade while this coupon offer is running, as many will decide to take advantage of this offer weeks hence who do not entertain such an idea now.

REHABILITATING SILVER.

A movement has been started in Boston, among business and professional citizens, ignoring political lines, in favor of bimetallism. This does not mean the free coinage of silver dollars of the present weight and fineness. They declare their purpose to be to promote the establishment of international bimetallism upon the general plan of the Latin union, but with a broader basis. Those concerned in the movement, while earnestly opposed to free coinage of silver, or any increased use of silver by this country, independent of international action and agreement, believe that the repeal of the purchase clause of the Sherman act affords a fitting and fortunate opportunity for advancing the cause of international bimetallism. They believe that the day is not far distant when the necessities of commerce will compel an international use of silver as well as of gold in the currencies throughout the world.

This is the line the free silver movement in the West should have taken at the beginning—even as far back as the passage of the Bland act of 1878. Clear-headed economists at that time saw that the fall of silver was world-wide, and beyond remedy by the legislation of one country alone. Unfortunately they were in a very small minority, and loud-mouthed demagogues, who know of no line of action but vulgar appeals to ignorance and prejudice, were made the leaders of a movement based on a fundamental error. The result has been the dropping of silver from unlimited coinage and full legal tender powers by nation after nation until there is no great commercial country in the world which retains it.

THE SUN SEES IT.

The New York Sun, Democratic, reads the handwriting on the wall in the late Congressional election in Pennsylvania. It admits frankly the tremendous defeat the Wilson bill there suffered at the bar of public opinion, saying:

No local considerations, no question of persons, affected the result in Pensaylvania. The canvass throughout the state had been as vigorously waged on both sides and the issues discussed had been as broad and as national as if the election were for a President of the United States.

The Sun goes on to admit that while Pennsylvania is a Republican state, "at times when the general drift of public sentiment was favorable to that party it has been carried for the Democracy; and under the same conditions, it would have gone Democratic on this occasion." Then it breaks forth in the following vigorous way:

Instead of going Democratic, Pennsylvania recorded its verdict against the present management of the Democracy by one of the heaviest pluralities ever cast against any party in any state.

We speak of handwriting on the wall. The phrase is too feeble. This is a portent blazoned across the sky.

Is there any Democrat so blind that he does not see it? Is there any Democrat so crazy that he does not understand why it is that in this one state among forty-four, the Republican plurality this year is certainly one-third as large, probably almost one-half as large, as the entire plurality for Grover Cleveland on the popular vote in all forty-four states only fifteen months ago?

The literature of the word "cuckoo," as a political term, is growing. The latest contribution thereto is the following historical reminiscence from a correspondent of the New York Sun:

I remember reading somewhere that John Randolph on one occasion, while making a speech attacking the administration, was constantly annoyed by the interruptions of a member from Ohio. Finally, Randolph became very angry and said: "Mr. Speaker, in Holland a poor workman, with a few pieces of wood and strips of leather, makes a mechanical contrivance which, when pressed between the thumb and forefinger makes the sound cuckoo! cuckoo! Nature has been more generous to the gentleman from Ohio, but, Mr. Speaker, the result is the same." The term then came into general use for a supporter of the administration, and was frequently used, even as lately as the time of President Johnson.

This is valuable as showing that an Ohio man was in it. Very little in a political way occurs in this country in which the Ohio man does not figure. Unfortunately, however, in this case he does not take so distinguished a part as is usually the case.

The death of Joseph Keppler removes one of America's foremost caricaturists. Keppler came to America with nothing except his talent, and rose to wealth and affluence by the force of his genius. Puck will not be so bright with Keppler gone.

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES ON THE DRINK HABIT.

It is not so well known as it should be that the best medical thought of the world, for a generation, and more, has been opposed to the habitual use of liquors of any kind as beverages; and that, for the past score of years, many of the most eminent authorities in the world of physicians have taken the ground that the total abstainer lives longer, is stronger, is more sound in mind and body, than the man who drinks, even though the latter be merely occasional. That is, they believe that total abstinence should be the rule with every one who wishes to conserve the best powers of mind and body. Many of the quotations from authorities which we have given in recent articles on this subject, embody practically this dictum; and we shall close this series of discussions upon the proposition that the use of alcoholic liquors does not nourish the body nor improve the health, but is at all times harmful, and that in proportion to the amount drank and the frequency of the potations, by the citation of a few medical authorities of the highest class:

Sir Henry Thompson says: "I am of opinion that the habitual use of wine, beer, or spirits, is a dietetic error, say for nineteen persons out of twenty. In other words, the great majority of people, at any age or of either sex, will enjoy better health, both of body and mind, and will live longer without any alcoholic drinks whatever, than with habitual indulgence in their use, even although such use be what is popularly understood as moderate."

Sir Andrew Clark said, in his emphatic way: "I am bound to say that for all honest work alcohol never helps a human soul. Every adult man who finds himself after trial—and every man should try—to be a thousand times better without alcohol, should not resume it, because he will work better, he will enjoy more, he will have a longer exemption from disease, he will probably live longer, and certainly he will be better in all the higher relations of life."

Prof. Sydney Ringer, in his "Handbook of Therapeutics," written in 1880, says: "Experience plainly shows, that for the healthy, alcohol is not a necessary nor even a useful article of diet. Varied, repeated and prolonged experience, and the testimony of many medical men, prove that troops endure fatigue and the extremes of climate better if alcohol is altogether abstained from. The experience of the celebrated Moscow campaign showed this; so also, quite recently, the Red River expedition. During arduous marches it has always been found that, without alcohol, the health of the men is exceptionally good, but as soon as spirits are allowed disease breaks out. Modern trainers recognise the fact that the power of sustained exertion and resistance to fatigue is best promoted by abstaining from alcohol."

The British Medical Journal (March 11, 1886), in an article on "The Truth About Alcohol," says: "We take it as conclusively proved, in the first place, that alcohol is not a necessary food, and that the most perfect physical and intellectual vigor is compatible with rigid total abstinence. We may go a step further, and confidently assert that people in perfect health are, as a rule, better without alcohol. The evils of intemperance are manifest, the evils of total abstinence are unproved and improbable. The excellent health enjoyed by the great and increasing army of teetotalers; the returns of insurance and benefit societies; the example of abstaining nations, seems to us proof positive that total abstinence is at least harmless and safe. Alcohol may be accorded a place as a luxury; it certainly has a definite value as a medicine, but we think it most desirable, in the interests alike of truth and national morality, that the medical profession should authoritatively and unambiguously declare that it is in no sense a necessity."

In view of the array of facts which we have now given, bearing on the various phases of the pleas for the use of intoxicants, and the further fact that the position of these high medical authorities is not generally known by the public at large, we ask, Do not the people need education? A New York prohibition newspaper, in a late issue, was lamenting that "the cause does not grow rapidly enough." The way to make it grow is to educate the people to a full and complete understanding of the facts we have given, and others in the same line. When they are fully understood, the great mass of intelligent Americans will be ready to join in the movement to suppress the traffic, and to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

IMPORTED LABOR.

The efforts of the United States authorities in Northwestern Ohio to carry out the law against imported contract labor, are most commendable. The time is surely here when the cheap labor of Canada shall be shut out from competition with our own workingmen. For years the great forests of Putnam, Paulding and other timbered counties, have been swarming with these men, brought here by timber contractors, when hundreds of American laborers have been out of employment. After the winter's work is over, the Canadians return with their wages, like the Chinese, to spend the money in their own country. We need a rigid enforcement of the contract labor law, and that will put an end this discrimination against American labor.

Austria has at last abandoned her tyrannical refusal to recognize the American citizenship of former subjects of the Emperor who had emigrated to the United States without fulfilling their military duties. Hitherto the Austrian government has regarded them as outlaws and deserters, and punished them as such, declining to recognize their American naturalization, and this has formed a subject of constant conflict with the Austrian government, now happily brought to a close.

The property which Governor McKinley conveyed to trustees last summer to satisfy notes which he had indorsed for a friend has been transferred back to him. The funds to meet his obligations were furnished by private subscription. Every friend and admirer of the governor will be glad to learn that his financial troubles are now over.

The blow free trade of the Wilson brand received in Pennsylvania Tuesday is but a pointer as to the manner in which the Democracy will be swept off the earth at the Congressional elections next fall.

EFFECT OF THE WILSON BILL.

It is certain that the Wilson bill will pass the Senate and become a law. There will be amendments and modifications, but they will not change the main features. It will still remain a low-tariff measure, paralyzing our industries and ruining our workingmen. It will become a law, and it will remain in operation at least three years; for it is impossible that the Republicans shall regain control of the Presidency, the House and the Senate before 1897—and control of all three will be necessary in order to change it. It thus becomes a matter of paramount consideration to ascertain what its effects will be.

We are now in the midst of a season of depression and idleness, caused by the triumph of the Democratic party at the November election of 1892. The Democracy was pledged to a policy of tariff smashing. What naturally resulted?

First, that all industries which would be directly effected by the tariff were checked. No one concerned would be foolish enough to buy raw material, pay to have it worked up into the finished product, and accumulate a stock, with the prospect that he would lose money by the operation. The wise thing to do was to work off the stock already on hand, and manufacture no more than would supply the immediate demand. This was the first great cause of the depression. To curtail manufacturing means, of course, to throw a large number of men out of employment. This destroyed or curtailed their means of buying, and thus reduced the sales of merchants in all lines. In a thousand ways the prospect of a tariff change caused a taking in of sails by merchants and others, and the present stagnation is the result.

Second, it is always true that when any change of existing conditions can be foreseen by those engaged in production or distribution, there is an immediate effort to accommodate themselves to the new conditions. It now being reasonably certain what may be expected, in a general way, from the Wilson bill, an adjustment is going on. Producers understand that they must hereafter compete with foreign producers on less favorable terms; that they must produce cheaply enough to meet the products manufactured with cheaper labor. Hence there is a steady reduction of wages going on. Strikes are powerless, for there are from two to a dozen men ready to take any position that is offered. This reduction is not alone in what are known as "protected industries," but in all lines; for, as The Blade has always said, a reduction of wages in one great division of labor means a reduction all along the line, until finally every man who works for wages or salary shares in the reduction.

As soon as the Wilson bill becomes a law, everybody will know just what to expect, and this process will go on steadily until wages have fallen to a level commensurate with the protection afforded by the Wilson bill. This reduction, now in progress, will go on until this is accomplished. Mills and factories will start up, but with fewer hands, and at lower wages. The price of labor will approximate more nearly the European standard, the ability of the people to buy will thus be curtailed, with the result that our merchants and retailers generally will experience chronically dull times.

And how about the farmers? They will be injured by the depression just as much as anybody else. They will find their market will not increase, but rather decrease. They will find that the diminution of the buying capacity of the masses will injure them just as much as it will anybody else. Some articles may be cheaper, but they will not have as much money to buy, and thus the advantages promised them by the free trade demagogues turn out to be Dead Sea fruit—fair and beautiful on the outside, but dust and ashes within. The increased export trade promised them will prove a myth. Like the dog in the fable, they will find that they have grasped at the shadow and thus lost the substance.

"Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other."

GRESHAM'S PENSION.

The story has been circulated that Secretary of State Gresham, immediately after his appointment to his present position, gave notice that he would no longer accept the pension he has been drawing since the war. The reason was stated to be that he wished to have his acts harmonize with the anti-pension views of the administration of which he is a member.

Now comes an emphatic refutation of the story. The second deputy commissioner of pensions, Mr. Bell, states positively that Gresham does not intend to release his pension, nor refund any pension money that he has drawn. "He considers it an honor to be rewarded by his government for a wound received while fighting in its defense," concluded Mr. Bell. So it thus appears that the reports concerning his giving up his pension are a bit of demagogic clap-trap, intended to harmonize him with the mossback anti-pension Democrats.

Judge Bartlett caused his court to take its rightful place as the conservator of justice by his imposition of a six-years' sentence on John Y. McKane, convicted of election frauds. Judge Bartlett remarkted, before sentencing him, that his crime was "a serious one, and one that demands an emphatic sentence; the penalty should be so severe as to express due condemnation, while not so severe as to excite sympathy." Every honest citizen will applaud this sentiment, and indorse the sentence.

As a showing of what the Democratic administration has done for the business of the country, the Boston wool sales for last week were 1,485,200 pounds, against 3,805,000 for the corresponding week of last year. This is one industry which has been especially attacked by the free trade theorists and deficiency makers in Congress.

And now the rumor is started that the changes made in the Wilson bill by the Senate Finance committee "will surprise many persons." But all these changes are minor ones, and do not affect the radical principle of the bill as a destroyer of industry and reducer of American wages.

In the absence of other proof, it is safe to suppose that the President would appoint only a railway attorney to the Supreme bench.

Ex-Governor Campbell will bear watching. He says he don't want to be a candidate for any office.

The President was not color-blind, if everything was White to him.

"THE FOUNDATIONS OF FINANCE."

The safety and perpetuity of the Republic depends upon the intelligence of the voters. Ignorance is the only hold demagogy can have upon them. The people's hearts are right; they desire to support the measures best for the whole country; but if their heads are wrong—if they are misled by false logic, or are mistaken as to facts through ignorance, they may endanger the prosperity—nay, the very life—of the nation.

Our civilization is the result of many centuries of progress. Slowly the race has climbed from ignorance to intelligence, and through experience it has framed the present social and political fabric. Whatever the issue raised before the American people, the first question asked should be, "What has been the experience of the past in this particular?" Whatever lesson the past contains is valuable, as it certainly tells us what to avoid, and in what direction the path of true progress lies.

The Blade proposes to discuss the financial question from this standpoint—that of the experience of the past. We propose to show the beginnings of wealth, and of its representative, money; to trace, in clear and concise language, the history of money, and of its varied substitutes, and to give, in compact form, the principles which have been found sure by the experience of centuries, and on which all financial authorities are agreed. It will form an invaluable text-book on finance, and worth many times its cost to every intelligent voter. It will be absolutely non-partisan politically, and the mistakes that have been made in our national finances will be clearly pointed out, no matter what party was responsible for them. The series will be printed exclusively in The Blade, and will be begun in a few weeks, of which due notice will be given.

BLAINE'S PROPHECY.

The fact that James G. Blaine predicted the exact condition of things now prevailing in this country, and as accurately showed the causes which would lead up to it, is now recalled. Read the words of this greatest of latter day American statesmen, and see how clearly the drift of events indicated to him the evils that were to come:

I love my country and my countrymen. I am an American, and I rejoice every day of my life that I am. I enjoy the general prosperity of my country, and know that the workingmen of this land are the best paid, the best fed and the best clothed of any laborers on the face of the earth. Many of them have homes of their own. They are surrounded by all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life.

I shudder, however, at the thought that the time must come when all this will be changed, when the general prosperity of the country will be destroyed, when the great body of workingmen in this land, who are now so prosperous, will hear their wives and children cry for bread; that the day must come when the great factories and manufactories of this land will shut down, and where there is now life and activity there will be the silence of the tomb.

And the reason why this must be is this: The great Southern wing of the Democratic party are determined, to establish the doctrine of free trade in this land. They will be assisted by their Northern allies. There is a great body of visionary, but educated men, who are employed day by day in writing free trade essays and arguments in favor of the doctrine, which find their way to every newspaper in this land. The great body of our people have never experienced, themselves, the sufferings which always result when the protective principles are laid aside.

Poisoned and excited by the wild statements of these writers and the demagogic appeals of the Democratic speakers, the result will be that in the very near future these forces which are now working will be strong enough to defeat at the polls the party advocating the doctrine of protection. It must inevitably follow that uncertainty and doubt will ensue. The business men of the country, fearing the destruction of the principles of protection, will decline to engage in business, consequently mills will shut down, and the workingmen will be thrown out of employment.

The people will then see as they have never seen before that they can not be prosperous and have work while this principle is threatened. In the midst of their sufferings they will learn that the only way they can be prosperous and happy is to vote for the party that has built up the industries by which they have gained a livelihood; because they will then see clearly that when the manufactory is shut down there is no demand for the only thing which they have to sell, and that is their labor.

DIDN'T KNOW WASHINGTON.

The Chicago Evening Post called emphatic attention yesterday to the fact that there were no flags flying from the Chicago city building until late in the day. After stating facts in several bundles, the Post says:

Just where the fault lies for this lack of respect to the greatest of Americans is not easy to determine. The custodian of the building is one John Fitzsimmons, an Irishman in common with all other city employes. Mr. Fitzsimmons did not come to the city hall to-day. The head janitor is a West Side ward politician, one Otto Rohn, a German, recently appointed. He was at the building from 9 to 11:30 o'clock, but the idea that it was necessary to honor George Washington by hoisting the flag seems never to have entered his mind. He knew he had a "day off," but he appeared to have had no conception of the reason of the holiday. Mr. Rohn may have heard of George Washington. It is possible, too, that he as not. Perhaps, like his compatriot at the postoffice, he considered George Washington a "back number."

This is a shame to Chicago and to the country. Later in the day, the mayor got out an old patched flag, and swung it to the breeze. But the element which has the offices in the great cities have usually more respect for Gambrinus, other patriots who were born across the ocean, than the Father of Our Country. A catechism on the life of George Washington should be placed in the hands of these ignorant officials and it will help their patriotism.

"THE LONE INN."

Don't fail to read the opening chapters of our striking new serial, "The Lone Inn," by Fergus Hume. We can give only one chapter to-day, because the remainder of the room is taken up by the closing chapter of "A Fair Virginian," which certainly has been an attractive story, and of itself worth the price of The Blade for a year. "The Lone Inn," while strikingly sensational, is not so in a bad sense—it is vivid and dramatic in action, but lean and pure in the lesson it teaches, and every reader, we are sure, will be pleased with it.

It is certain that the government of cities has had nothing to do with bringing on the hard times, and yet, so far, the great burden of finding employment for those out of work and succoring those in distress has fallen upon municipalities. They are obliged, not only to bear the burden of individual folly, but to meet the difficulties that come from national imbecility.

A South Carolina Congressman has called Mr. Headsman Maxwell, "a ——— puppy." From the way Maxwell has been dogging Republican postmasters, the S. C. gentleman is probably right.

REED'S RULES NEEDED.

Time brings about its revenges, and certainly Hon. Thomas B. Reed, ex-speaker of the House of Representatives, has reason to feel that he is already amply revenged for the boorish and demagogic opposition to his ruling that every member of the House who was in his seat should be counted as present, whether he voted or not on any pending question.

It is difficult to understand how any other method of procedure ever arose. But it has been for many years the rule that, if the total vote on any measure was not equal to a quorum, to raise the point of "no quorum," to nullify the vote. This absurd custom has been a favorite method of filibustering. With a large attendance of members, and with the roll-call at the opening of the session disclosing the presence of a quorum, the members opposed to the pending measure will simply keep silent when their names are called to vote, and they are not counted as present.

The rule established by Speaker Reed was based on common sense. It was that members present but not voting were to be so recorded. Then, if the pending measure had a majority of those present, and there was a quorum present, it was declared carried, as it should be. This was called "counting a quorum" by the Democrats, but it was not that. It was requiring that the record of the vote should not only show who voted yea and nay, but those who were present but did not vote.

The bitter and senseless opposition to this by the Democrats has returned to plague them. For a week, Bland and his friends have been endeavoring to secure a quorum in order to push the seigniorage bill through. As every one knows, there is a huge Democratic majority in the House; but though there has been more than a quorum present, in fact, every day, the simple expedient of keeping silent on roll-call has prevented a vote being taken. The Eastern Democrats are largely opposed to the measure, and absent themselves, or join the Republicans in keeping silent. The absurd scheme has been proposed of fining absentees, or those who refuse to vote; but the common sense of the House revolted at this.

Why not frankly admit, Messrs. Democrats, that you were wrong, and restore Speaker Reed's sensible and business-like rule? Every intelligent man in the country knows that it is right and proper, and will indorse its adoption, whether he be a Democrat or a Republican.

WHY WASHINGTON WAS GREAT.

Toledo Daily Blade, Feb. 22.

It is 162 years to-day since George Washington was born, and almost a century since his death. His life and deeds are far enough in the past for us to view them in historical perspective, and reach a correct judgment thereon. The clouds and mists of the fierce political discussions during his Presidential term of service all passed away at his death, and the generation which followed saw him as a demigod, a being above the faults and frailties of ordinary humanity. But we have been making history since then, and have developed statesmen and generals with whom we can compare him in every public capacity. And he stands forth as an exemplar of the sagacious leader, fervent and incorruptible in patriotism, wise and broad in statesmanship, possessed of all those qualities which inhere in true greatness.

And it is a fact that needs grateful recognition that for what he was this nation is indebted to his mother. Lovely in person and in character, she early instilled into her son's mind the precepts, enforced by her own example, which governed his life. His father died when he was but eleven years old, and thus on "Mary, the mother of Washington," devolved the care and training not only of George, her eldest son, but of the four younger children—a duty which she discharged with scrupulous fidelity and firmness. Not only all Americans, but all mankind, to quote Dr. Sparks, owe a debt to her, for the careful training that developed the patriot, the leader, the statesman, "the father of his country."

It is one of the better tendencies of this latter age that it has developed a truer conception of the mighty influence exerted upon the world and its progress by the mothers of each generation. To them is entrusted the care of the children during those years in which the foundations of character are laid. The instances are rare in human history wherein the mother's influence can not be traced in the mind and character of any man who has achieved true greatness, and there is no clearer on in American history than that of the great man whose birth we commemorate to-day.

JUSTICE WHITE A CATHOLIC.

The announcement that Mr. White, the newly-appointed associate justice of the Supreme court, is a Roman Catholic, recalls the fact that he is the second of that faith to have a seat on that tribunal. The other was Chief Justice Taney. The latter was a Maryland man, descended from a family which came from England when that Roman Catholic colony was founded. He succeeded Chief Justice Marshall, by appointment of President Jackson, in 1836, and retained the seat until his death, in 1864. Mr. White is also descended from a Roman Catholic family, and, curiously enough, comes from a state which was also Catholic at its foundation as a colony; though Louisiana was settled by the French, he is of English descent, and therefore is not of the stock of original settlers, as was Taney.

The Ohio General Assembly has removed one of the few remaining disabilities of married women by passing a bill providing that the marriage of a woman shall not disqualify her from acting as administratrix or executrix, "whether such marriage occur before or after her appointment or qualification." The cause of the fair sex is marching on.

Governor Rich, of Michigan, has removed the secretary of state, state treasurer, attorney general and land commissioner for complicity in frauds connected with the increase of salaries for state officers. He has done the right thing, and the people of the state will indorse his action most emphatically.

If there is any hope of modification in any of the industry-killing provisions of the Wilson bill, the Republicans in the Senate should fight it to the bitter end.

The question is growing serious in Pennsylvania as to whether James Denton Hancock was running for office or not.

A WEIGHTY TOPIO.

She: Has her conversation any weight?
He: Well, I should say so; she entertained me all evening by telling me how to make bread a la cooking school.

THE FALL IN WHEAT.

The Chicago Herald of Saturday devotes more than a page of its space to interviews with grain men and millers in all the primary wheat points of the country, regarding the low price of wheat and the prospects for the future. Of course there is a great variety of opinions expressed, but the general causes assigned are the enormous increase of wheat production by India, Russia and Argentina, as well as in Canada and the United States; the fact that there is an enormous visible supply on hand in this country, and besides this an unknown quantity, but without doubt extremely large, still in the hands of farmers; and, lastly, the financial depression, which has reduced prices of all products, wheat sympathizing therewith, of course.

The belief is gradually shaping itself that a new level for wheat is being established, above which it will never again rise except under some extraordinary stimulus, like a great European war, or a wholesale failure of the crop. The good old days of dollar wheat are gone, and probably 75 cents a bushel at grain centers like Chicago, less the cost of transporation thither at primary points, will be the top notch hereafter. The great reason for this is what the cheap wheat—cheap because of the low cost of land and labor—of Russia, India, and the Southern Hemisphere, which includes Argentina and other countries of South America, South Africa, and Australia, is turning year by year an increasing and apparently inexhaustible supply into the markets of Europe, which will finally drive out the United States crop.

This is of the most vital interest to the American farmers who devote 35,000,000 acres of land every year to the raising of wheat. If these statements be true—and the statistics so far bear them out—the raising of wheat in this country will be restricted to the needs of our people alone, and the export market will cease. This means that our farmers must devote their energies to other lines than wheat raising, for it will be unprofitable; and the man who stupidly clings to wheat as his sole crop will take the sure road to bankruptcy and ruin.

A NEW MOVE.

The announcement is made that Lieutenant Governor Sheehan, of New York, will not be a candidate for re-election; and this is supplemented by the intimation, from inside sources, that Governor Flower will also decline the nomination for a second term. This is most significant. It means much more than appears on the surface. Be it remembered that these gentlemen belong to the Hill faction of New York Democracy. The purpose evidently is, to let the Cleveland crowd run things, and put up candidates for these offices who are "cuckoos." Then at the polls these gentlemen will be slaughtered without mercy, and Cleveland will thus have been repudiated by his own state.

This means that the next governor of the Empire state will be a Republican; and this will not be without an important bearing on the Presidential contest of 1896. The Republican who carries Cleveland's own state against him and the power of his administration will necessarily be an important factor in the contest for the Republican Presidential nomination. New York holds a commanding position in the national arena; both parties will concede to her at least one place on the Presidential ticket. It remains to be seen whether the Republican who shall be the next governor of the Empire state will be rewarded with that party's Presidential or Vice Presidential nomination.

ERASTUS WIMAN.

The charge of forgery preferred against Erastus Wiman, the once Staten Island millionaire, brings that gentleman prominently before the public, though in no enviable manner. Erastus Wiman was a "promoter" of the most advanced class. He attempted to build up a great and wealthy community on the sand plains of Staten Island, inflated values, boomed stock, and used all the other arts of the promoter in making "a great city of a little town." Wiman solidified himself by being a philanthropist and an assistant to hundreds of good works. When he failed, some two years ago, there was no suspicion of his dishonesty, and everybody who knew him extended sympathy. The charge of forgery, now brought, if proved, will go far towards shaking the public faith in its fellow man. For the general good of the community, it is to be hoped that Wiman is not guilty.

Money is plentiful and idle in all the great financial centers of the world. The London Times, in commenting on the enormous bank reserves there and here, says it indicates a prolonged "cheapness of money"—that is low interest rates.

Mrs. Chaska is the latest illustration of the folly of mixed marriages.

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

Read the Announcement of Our Grand Premium Offer.

On the seventh page will be found the announcement of the most important premium offer ever made by The Blade—and one that is most welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the people at large, who have been asking for the "Nasby Letters" in book form for many years. We have spent much time and labor on this book, besides the great aggregate expense of printing and binding so many thousand copies. We hope that every subscriber will renew and get a copy under this offer.

A few weeks before the expiration of your subscription, you will receive a postal card, which if returned with one dollar for your renewal will be received as a due-bill for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," which will be sent postpaid, free of all charge. We do this in order to facilitate our work in entering names and sending the book. It takes far less labor to care for each month's renewals during that month than to let them run over into the next month.

Of course, we shall take care of new subscribers at the time they order. We can not send them postal card due-bills, nor fix a time wherein we prefer to receive their orders; but any new subscriber who sends us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," will have his order filled as soon as it is received. If you do not mention that you want the book, we shall consider that you do not want it. Send in your orders!

PERPETUATING THE G. A. R.

An important question is to come up at the national encampment of the Grand Army next summer. It is whether the organization shall admit sons of members, so that the order may be perpetuated. The movement in favor of such a step started a few years ago, but it has not been the subject of much consideration until recently. A few of the posts of the G. A. R. have adopted resolutions in favor of this action, but the great majority have done nothing.

The Grand Army was established to perpetuate the fraternal feeling among the men who wore the blue in the war for the preservation of the Union, to care for needy comrades, and to protect their widows and orphans. It is an association of men who shared a common danger for a common cause. It is an organization sealed by blood and fire. No grander idea was ever evolved than that of an order whose test of membership should be creditable service in the armies of the Union, evidenced by an honorable discharge.

The proposed action destroys at once the purpose of the order, and the grandeur of the idea on which it was founded. That it should terminate forever when the last man who upheld the flag from 1861 to 1865 shall have answered the final roll-call, and have gone to his rest beneath

"That low, green tent,
Whose curtains never outward swing,"

was understood from the beginning of the order. To change the conditions of membership, so as to admit others—even sons of soldiers—is to change the nature of the order. To-day membership in the G. A. R. tells the story of soldierly courage and manly endurance; change it, and it tells—nothing.

No! Let the Grand Army perish with the men who composed the grand army that saved the nation in its hour of peril; and should war ever again call Americans to arms to defend their liberties or protect their soil, from its survivors let a new order spring, worthy to be the successor of the one now existing.

Senator Sherman has introduced in the Senate a bill for the appointment of an official to determine the site from existing maps or records, or, in the absence of such maps, from the best and most available evidence that can be obtained, of all battlefields, earthworks, redoubts, forts, fortifications, or structures built, used, occupied, or captured by the American forces during the war of the Revolution. The bill also provides for the suitable marking of all such places. The idea is an excellent one, and should be extended to the war of 1812 and the Rebellion.

The trouble with all schemers of female dress reform appears to be that no "reformed" dress has yet been invented which is not so ugly that no self-respecting woman will wear it.

W. C. P. Breckinridge is finding that the primrose path ends in a very rocky road.

CHURCH AND CHURCHMEN.

The total revenue of the Church of England, according to recently published statistics, is £5,168,551.

Canon Farrar says that there are 7,000 clergy in the Church of England who are moving onward toward Romanism.

Miss Emma K. Henry, an evangelist, is meeting with great success among the Congregational churches of South Dakota.

The Rev. Augusta J. Chapin, who is said to be the only feminine D. D. in the world, is in charge of a Universalist church in Omaha.

The Rev. Thomas T. Stone, of Rock Bottom, Middlesex county, Mass., is the oldest living graduate of Bowdoin college, and has been 70 years in the ministry. He is 93 years old.

Queen Victoria recently sent a donation of $50 toward the cost of renovating the Wesleyan chapel, at West Cowes. One-third of her subjects in England and Wales are non-conformists.

The Mission committee of the Methodist church has appropriated $9,500 for mission work in Norway and Denmark, and $12,000 to the Norwegian and Danish mission work in the Northwest.

The Rev. George W. Huntington, one of the clergymen who is taking part in the revival services in Brooklyn, was an assistant paymaster in the volunteer army from October, 1863, to November, 1865.

The Presbyterian church of Victoria, Australia, at its last general assembly, discussed the proposal to have the time limit terms of ministers and elders after the method of the Methodist Episcopal church.

During the last ten years there have been organized in connection with the Belfast, Ireland, presbytery, six new congregations, while eight congregations have enlarged their churches. At present five new churches are in course of erection.

The religious revival is assuming great proportions in the West and Southwest. In 177 counties of Missouri, Illinois, Kansas, Arkansas and Texas, 24,000 converts are reported, of whom 20,000 have been received into evangelical churches.

Lord Forester, who is rector of a little parish in Nottinghamshire and chancellor of York Minster, has the privilege of wearing his hat in the presence of his sovereign, but unless the day were cold and the place draughty, he would hardly avail himself of it.

It is said that Lord Crewe, recently deceased, a friend and admirer of Mr. Gladstone, that while a high churchman he was yet so fond of some of the more celebrated preachers that when in London Sundays he would always go to church three times—to the Temple, St. Paul and elsewhere. It is said, however, that he slept profoundly all through the sermon.

Dr. Talmage's income has been about $50,000 annually for several years. Of this amount $12,000 was his salary in the Tabernacle, the publication of his sermons, controlled by two syndicates, between $8,000 and $10,000, his editorial work from $5,000 to $6,000, and his lectures about $15,000. Even Beecher did not earn that much.

In 781 French cities there are Protestant churches. There are 387 Reformed, 90 Lutheran, 72 mixed, 72 other denominations. France has also 5 Protestant Bible societies, 19 home and 6 foreign mission societies, 44 orphans' homes, 47 asylums and 60 hospitals. Contributions for the work of the church are five times greater than those in Germany.

The venerable Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, Senior Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church in America, is to have a suitable memorial to his longevity and usefulness in "the land of steady habits." It will take the shape of a professorship in connection with Berkeley Divinity school. The sum of $50,000 will be raised for the erection and maintenance of the library.

According to the "Baptist Handbook for England and Wales," just published, there has been a very general growth. The membership has advanced from 337,409 to 342,507, the Sunday school scholars from 487,501 to 495,284, and the pastors in charge of churches from 1878 to 1887. There are twenty-two more churches and seventy-three more chapels, providing 4,416 additional sittings.

The total circulation of the British and Foreign Bible society last year was 4,049,753 copies. Added to this the total circulated by the American Bible society (1,394,965 copies) and the National Bible society of Scotland (678,261 copies), and add to these totals the circulation of some of the other Bible societies, and the sales of the great trade Bible houses and the results show an increasing demand for the scriptures.

A movement is in progress by which Presbyterianism will secure organization and a permanent place among the churches of South Africa. It is proposed to form a presbytery of Cape Town, largely of existing Presbyterian churches in the region around the city. Out of the churches of Natal and Transvaal, it is hoped, when this presbytery, a synod may be formed, ready to pass into a general assembly when that shall be demanded.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Bellamy's New Nation has suspended. It couldn't stand up against stagnation.

Attorney-General Olney may be open to criticism on many points, but it cannot be said that he ever betrayed a trust.

McLaurin, the new senator from Mississippi, is described as a man who doesn't know that the war is over and thinks that Andy Jackson is still President.

William Andrew Cousin, known the country over for his skill as a violin-maker, died last week, aged 90 years. He began making violins in Brainbridge nearly sixty years ago and is said to have made over 700 of them.

Hans von Bulow was exceedingly vain. When fits of vanity would seize him on the stage he was in the habit of bowing to the audience as often as the numbers so that with each bow there a different profile of his face would be presented.

Young King Alexander attended his first ball in Belgrade a few days ago. He was much amused and delighted, and beyond the honor of being chosen as a partner of their king, the young girls present derived little pleasure from dancing with the monarch.

Judge Wilmot M. Smith, of Long Island, learning that the legislature intended to increase his salary from $2,000 to $2,500 per annum, appeared before the board the other evening and defeated the proposition by showing that the present salary is sufficient. It was a regular bench show while it lasted.

Senator Stanford's favorite seat, a large and comfortable willow chair standing at a window in the Stanford mansion, where the senator used to sit and watch the scenes of the street and the bay, is kept in this house as he left it, except that across its capacious arms a broad leather strap has been buckled to prevent occupancy.

MEN TALKED ABOUT.

An interesting old man in Jacksonville, Fla., is Louis Farin, a negro, 94 years of age, who is believed to be the only survivor of the Dade massacre during the Seminole war.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, like many of his countrymen, is very fond of athletics. He is a member of an athletic club in Washington, where he is taking lessons in fencing and boxing.

The late William Harding von Ammon, of San Francisco, is said to be the father of the art of lithographing in colors in the United States. He was a Prussian, and died at the age of 82.

Johann Schaak, of New Haven, Conn., has received $1,000 from the Peruvian government for injuries sustained at the hands of a mob while singing at a Masonic funeral in Peru, in 1892.

Prince Metternich once requested an autograph of Alexander Dumas. Dumas wrote in his best round hand: "Received from Prince Metternich twenty-five bottles of his oldest Johannisberg." Metternich sent the wine with a good grace.

Ferdinand Holtzenland, a German veteran at Reading, Pa., has tasted no water for thirteen years. Invalided by wounds in the war, his physician advised him to drink nothing but milk and coffee. This was in 1881, and he has religiously followed his doctor's advice.

SOME STAGE TALK.

Blanche Walsh talks of starring next season.

Frank McKee is going to settle in Boston.

Mrs. James A. Herne, is going to star in Mr. Herne's play.

Henry Guy Carleton's new play for Nat Goodwin is called Ambition.

Richard Harlowe's picture as Isabella in 1492, has got into cigarette packages.

Augustin Daly will close his London season May 1. Duse and Bernhardt will then appear at the theater in succession.

Land of the Midnight Sun is founded on Hall Caine's story, The Bondsman. Volcanoes, earthquakes and sub

Publishers' Column.

WANT A WATCH?

Then Here is Your Golden Opportunity.

Do you want a watch? If you do, you want a good one. In these days of excellent watches you cannot afford to carry a poor one. The Elgin and Waltham watches represent the perfection of mechanical skill and artistic beauty. They are recognized the world over as the finest timepieces that have yet been devised. These are the watches that we offer to you, and at prices far below those charged in shops.

When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if at the end of three days he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches can be sent C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

Here are the watches we offer. All are stem winders and setters:

Offer No.1—The Toledo Blade Special

GOLD WATCH, MEN'S SIZE, $16.75.

This watch is exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in everything except the expense. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 k. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. The ring, joints, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear, are solid gold. The works contain a regulator so plain that a child can work it, seven valuable jewels, compensating expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to Blade subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of either Open Face or Hunting Case, delivered, $16.75.

NO. 1 1-2—BLADE EXTRA.

Gold Watch, Men's Size, $14.50.

For a short time we will sell No. 1½ for $14.50. It is the same as No. 1 in looks. This case is guaranteed to be gold-filled and good for 15 years' wear. We will send it to any Blade subscriber in hunting case only, including free delivery, for $14.50.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size.

GOLD WATCH, $14.35.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin gold-filled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate timepiece, which looks just like a $100 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 15 years. Watch clubs have been selling this watch for $38. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.35.

Offer No. 3—Men's Size.

OPEN-FACE GOLD WATCH—$12.

No. 3 is a magnificent gold-filled open face watch, with Waltham or Elgin works, seven jewels, expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. Purchasers can easily get $35 for this watch in cash or exchange. The manufacturers guarantee the case to wear 15 years. Price, by registered mail, $12.

Offer No. 4—Men's Size.

WALTHAM OR ELGIN—$5.50.

No. 4 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting, and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 5—Lady's Size.

SOLID GOLD WATCH—$22.50.

No. 5 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14 k. gold. Each watch is a stem-winder and setter, with compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant time-piece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for $22.50.

Offer No. 6—Lady's Size.

GOLD WATCH—$13.25.

No. 6 is a seven-jeweled lady's watch, in an engraved hunting case, either Waltham or Elgin movement, a gold case which is guaranteed by the manufacturers good for at least 15 years' wear. It is a magnificent time-keeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.25.

Offer No. 8—Blade Special.

Open face or hunting case, Waltham or Elgin works. It has the appearance and most of the good qualities of a $200 watch. The movement (or works) contains 15 jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator, and all improvements. The case is the thinnest filled watch case ever made; that is, the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, and all others who wish an accurate timekeeper. As a present it cannot be excelled. It is so thin and convenient in form that it will even make a good and satisfactory ladies' watch, and is especially recommended for school teachers and other professional women on account of its accuracy, which is equaled by no watch made especially for ladies.

We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail, to any of our subscribers for $22.00.

No. 9—"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham.

FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, the finest hair spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, adjusted double-sunk dial. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Gold-filled 15-yr. hunting case (engraved) $22 00
Gold-filled 15-yr. case, open face (engraved) 18 50
In solid coin silver case (3 oz.), open face or hunting 17 25
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face 12 25

No. 10—In Honor of Columbus—The Waltham World's Fair Extra.

GOLD WATCH, ELEGANT GOLD ENAMELED DIAL, NO. 1492. PRICE, $20.

No. 1492 is a magnificent Waltham watch, named and numbered in honor of Columbus. It is cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, etc. It has a beautiful genuine gold-enameled dial, with Arabic figures, which gives to the watch the appearance of a $300 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14k. gold in two plates, stiffened between with a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 20 years. The ring, joint plugs, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. Price, $20 in hunting case and $10 in open face.

"THE LIMITED."

14k. Gold-Filled Watch, Men's Size Hunting Case—No. 2487, Price $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. No. 2487 has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensating expansion balance, patent safety pinion, patent regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the latest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and is worth it. We will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

Ladies' Size Hunting Case 14k. Gold-Filled Watch—No. 2488, Price $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. It is a most attractive watch, especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price, delivered, $12.50.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

WATCH CHAINS.

In appearance, there is no difference between a rolled gold chain worth $10 and a solid gold chain worth $100; and really there is no difference after half a lifetime's wear. So many of our watch buyers desire us to supply them with chains, that we have arranged to supply gold filled chains, which for many years wear are fully equal to solid gold. They are all guaranteed to wear five years, if properly used. The prices below include free safe delivery:

No. 1—Men's rolled gold filled "trace" chain $1 00
No. 2—Men's heavy rolled gold filled "gable" chain 1 50
No. 3—Men's stylish chain, rolled gold filled, long and short links combined 4 50
No. 4—Men's seamless gold filled "rope" chain 4 75
No. 5—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, extra rolled gold plated 1 25
No. 6—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, extra rolled gold plated 1 35
No. 7—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, solid gold 4 00
No. 8—Lady's solid 14k gold Victoria watch chain and charm, usual retail price $12; our price 8 00

We deliver these chains free by mail to any subscriber of The Blade on receipt of the above prices. The higher-priced filled chains are guaranteed to wear 20 years. The solid gold chain will of course wear forever. Address all orders and remittances to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver; the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. It can be engraved with monogram or initials, like silver.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons $1.25
½ dozen teaspoons ..... .50
1 dozen tablespoons or forks 2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks 1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks 2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks 1.15
½ dozen table knives 2.25
1 dozen table knives 4.25

These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everybody can have a good copy at a very low price. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

1. The Roman Chariot Race.
2. "Diana or Christ?"
3. Napoleon at Friedland.
4. Christ Before Pilate.
5. Columbus at the Court of Spain.
6. Theory of Columbus Rejected in the Council of Salamanca.
7. Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee.
8. The Russian Wedding Feast.
9. Home from the First Voyage.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

FOUR LITTLE POEMS.

Why He Came.

The prince came wooing a maiden fair,
But a maiden of low degree.
Yet she was the child of a millionaire,
And poor as a crow was he;
As poor as a crow was he, and since
His debts must needs be paid,
The reason is clear why the haughty prince
Came wooing the low-born maid.
—Town Topics.

Devotion.

Now all the giddy maidens,
On pleora deals intent,
The fashion books will study well
Through forty days of Lent.
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Lively Times.

The fellow who waits for the wagon
At best is a foolish contriver;
If you'd strike it to-day you must meet it
half-way
And jump on the seat with the driver!
—Atlanta Constitution.

The Sorrowing Muse.

Though the peach crop, they tell us, is perfectly safe,
There's a grief that can never be righted;
Through the pitiful absence of beautiful snow,
The poetry crop has been blighted.
—Washington Star.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The Latest Volumes on the Blade's Book Table for Review.

"The Spirit of God" is the name of a volume by Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, which is published by George H. Ellis, of Boston. Those who read the little volume "Heart Beats" will understand what to expect in this larger one. An idea of the work may be gained from the titles of the chapters: "The Spirit." "The Hindu Doctrine of the Spirit." "Doctrine of the Spirit in Christianity." "Sense of the Unseen." "The Spirit in Nature." "The Kingdom in Nature." "The Spiritual Powers of the Senses." "The Spirit in Life." "The Spirit in the Spirit." "The Spirit in Immortal Life." "The Spirit in Reason." "The Spirit in Love." "The Spirit in Conscience." "The Spirit in Christ." "The Spirit in History." "The Spirit in All Religions." "Live in the Spirit."

"Authors and Their Public in Ancient Times," by George Haven Putnam, the author of "The Question of Copyright," etc., is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York city. It is a pleasantly written sketch of literary conditions and of the relations with the public of literary producers from the earliest times to the invention of printing.

The first volume of a very interesting work has been issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, entitled "The Writings of Thomas Paine." These writings have been collected and edited by Moncure D. Conway, who seems to have done the work very carefully. He has followed the earliest editions and preserved Paine's own spelling. Nothing is suppressed, and nothing altered except manifest misprints, and, in a very few cases, punctuations which might impair the sense. The first volume contains Mr. Paine's essays published between 1774 and 1779 and covers all kinds of subjects, political, sociological, religious and literary.

The recent death of Constance Fenimore Woolson will give an added and pathetic interest to the brilliant story just published by Harper & Brothers, New York city, entitled "Horace Chase." Those who followed it through the magazine will read it with pleasure as it comes to them in book form, and those who have not have a treat before them. They will go with the beautiful Ruth through all the struggles of the early years of her married life with breathless interest, through the dramatic ending.

"Earlscourt," by Alexander Allardyce, the author of "Balmoral," is a novel of provincial life which is published by D. Appleton Co., New York city. The story is full of incident, and the reader grows much interested to know how all the complications growing out of the Earlscourt property are going to end. It is, of course, an English story.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard have issued a new book by Henry Wood, author of "Ideal Suggestions," "God's Image in Man," "Edward Burton," etc., under the above title. Its purpose is to outline a political economy which is practical and natural rather than theoretical and artificial, being a study of inherent laws and principles. In 1887 this author issued a volume entitled "Natural Law in the Business World," which was well received and passed through several editions. The present book is not a revised edition, but sets tastefully a new book of double the size.

Method in His Madness.

Mrs. Wickwire—What is the use of standing there and calling the stove names? That won't make the fire burn any better.

Mr. Wickwire—I thought that maybe if I could insult the blamed thing it would get hot about it.—Indianapolis Journal.

A News Item in Georgia.

At Mr. J. E. Campbell's provision store some dried fruit was put in a tin pan in front of the store on exhibition, and the rays of the sun shining upon the pan set the fruit on fire. Mr. Mattox, the genial and efficient clerk, is responsible for this item, and he vouches for the truth of the statement.—Elberton (Ga.) Star.

Grant's Book.

General Grant's book, which he wrote while dying, to leave, as he said, something in the way of money to his widow and children, has already paid them $500,000. The demand for the book is still good, and a cheap edition will be published soon.—Philadelphia Record.

BREAKING EVEN.

The Nurse—"The great event is over, sir, and your wife is getting on nicely."
Strazilski—"Dell me qvick—I haf a bet mit mein bartner—is it a poy?"
The Nurse—"Well, to tell the truth, sir, it's twins—a boy and a girl."
Strazilski—"Vot a narrow escape! I lose on von and vin on de udder. I always vas luggy in bets."—Judge.

PUT PILLOWS UNDER THE FEET INSTEAD OF UNDER THE HEAD.

An Important Discovery by a German Professor—The Scheme Works Well—Try It.

A most important discovery has recently been made by a German professor that will materially improve the physical and mental strength of all who follow its lesson. If the discovery is really genuine, as the professor claims it is.

Superstition or legend or the custom of years has had an influence upon us while we slept that has been almost as great as the like influences while we are awake. It has been vaguely understood that if we sleep with our head to the north it is much better than pointing in any other direction can possibly be, while lying upon our left side is a certain indication we are free from heart disease, and lying upon our back is quite as certain a sign that we are intending to snore.

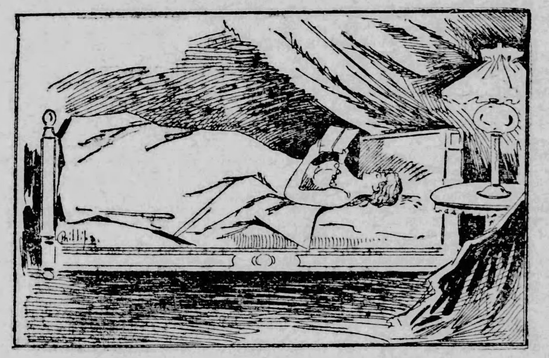
Added to these the idea has possessed us that our head must be higher than our feet, entirely overlooking the fact that the typical American, ever healthy, vigorous and good looking, is invariably represented in foreign papers as sitting in a very low chair with his feet on the convenient mantlepiece some yards, apparently, above him.

But Prof. Fischer has changed all that; he has demonstrated by a series of painstaking and careful experiments that we should sleep with our feet slightly elevated, or the head a trifle lower than the feet, as he puts it, and this condition he advises bringing about by placing pillows under the feet and none under the head.

The advantages claimed by Prof. Fischer resulting from this manner of lying are that the intellectual repose is much more profound than obtained by the present prevailing method; also that amelioration of the nervous system is greater; that the effect on the veins is better and consequently the condition of the blood is improved and weakness of the lungs is therefore largely overcome. If in trying the effect of this position for sleeping any unpleasant sensation is experienced, the feet will be found to have been too high, and therefore they should be lowered by the by little by using pillows of a thickness, until the proper height is reached, which is readily determined by the improved feeling of the sleeper.

For women especially this mode of sleeping is recommended by the professor, and he claims to be in receipt of endless communications from ladies throughout Germany who have found untold relief in following this simple prescription. In an essay recently read by the professor the advantages to the physical nature from this manner of sleeping were shown to be unmistakable and easily understood as such by the lecturer's audience in the plain but convincing language employed.

Briefly, the professor urged that the veins are better kept filled with blood, the blood flowing toward the brain is conducive of a clearer, more rested mental condition upon awakening, and the heart finding easier action is not called upon by the system, and therefore the tired feeling often accompanying the first awakening is done away with.



THE BEST POSITION FOR SLEEPING.

LIEUT.-GOV. SHEEHAN

Is Not a Candidate for Renomination.

New York, Feb. 24.—Lieutenant Governor Sheehan has authorized the statement that under no circumstances will he be a candidate for renomination next fall. Mr. Sheehan's decision surprised his friends. They have been given to understand that the lieutenant governor was anxious for a "vindication" and intended to insist upon a renomination at the hands of the state convention.

His action in taking himself out of the field is believed to be voluntary. It has no reference, his friends assert,

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR SHEEHAN.

to the bribery charges which are being investigated by the Senate at Albany. He is credited with possessing the sagacity to perceive that this is not going to be a good year for any Democrat to run for office. He assumes that the industrial situation is not likely to improve before next fall and that the additional handicap of Mr. Cleveland's blunders will prevent the election of the Democratic ticket.

It is believed that Mr. Sheehan's withdrawal will be followed by a similar declaration from Governor Flower. It is admitted that Flower can have a renomination if he desires it, but the governor has been studying the signs of the times along with the election returns, and he is said to be about determined that he will not try for a second term.

This is said to be the programme of the regular Democracy of the state: It is to nominate some Cleveland Democrat like Charles S. Fairchild for governor and then slaughter him at the polls. The responsibility for the defeat will be placed on the shoulders of the Cleveland administration.

—Malaria is one of the most insidious of health destroyers. Hood's Sarsaparilla counteracts its deadly poison and builds up the system.

Latest From Kansas.

"Oh, there is a terrible funnel-shaped cloud coming this way."

"Well, the funnel begin soon then. Get into the cyclone cellar."

A ROOSTER HYPNOTIZED.

How a New York Divine Illustrated a Sermon.

The Rev. Charles H. Tyndall, of the Brooms Street Tabernacle, bought a young rooster on Saturday, and privately rehearsed with it for an experiment in hypnotism, which he made in the course of Sunday evening's sermon. The experiment is familiar to all country boys. The clergyman found that the rooster was a good subject. Some of the congregation, among which were many children, say the rooster looked like a game bird. It crowed like one later, when the clergyman got through with it.

The theme of the sermon was the hypnotic influence of the devil. To illustrate what hypnotism is the rooster was brought in by the janitor and placed on a black board set across two chairs. The rooster had one side to the congregation. The bill was put down close to the blackboard and a chalk line was drawn from the bill. The rooster did not move for more than a minute. Then all the little girls and boys laughed, and the rooster stood up and crowed.

The experiment was performed three times. Then Mr. Tyndall tried to keep the rooster's head down without drawing the line. The rooster stood up. "There," said the clergyman, "you see the hypnotism is drawing the line. The devil gets men by the neck, then leads them by the nose, just as I did the rooster, to hell."

ROLLICKING BLADES.

A Terrible Blow.

He sauntered down the busy street,
And had his pockets full of tin;
But late next day he 'woke and found
That all his boodle he'd blown in.

And when his wife learned how his cash
Had vanished as they sat at sup,
He realized the painful fact
That he was very much down up.

And now the love which long had glowed
About their hearthstone, without doubt
No longer even flickers, since
By these cross breezes 'twas blown out.

She Must Have Listened.

"Played cards nearly all night again, eh?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And squandered so much on the little I dare say, that you can't afford the old cat a dress this week, eh?"

A Settler.

"It does seem strange that they can't get the Brazilian question settled," said a caller on the Damascus Blade.

"Sure," said the Hon. P. H. "Like some of the coffee they send us."

It Occurred to Him.

"When you go after fish you fish for them, don't you, pa?" asked one of the little children of Roystering Blade.

"Yes, my child."

"And when you go after ducks do you duck for them?"

"No; but sometimes the dog does," he said, as he winked slyly to himself.

"Lovely Woman."

"I feel so happy, I can almost hug myself," said one "anxious and aimless" to another.

"Why don't you, dear?" said her vinegarry companion. "It is your only chance of ever getting hugged."

Prophet and Poet.

"You remember that quotation, 'Let we write the songs of a nation, and I care not who make the laws'?"

"Yes."

"I think that man must have anticipated just such a Congress as the present one."

"Sure!"

Necessity the Fashion.

"Why are you wearing last year's short overcoat when only a long one is in style?" asked Roystering Blade.

"Well," replied the dapper of Damascus Blade, "because of circumstances over which I have no control. I am a little short myself, so I stick to my short overcoat."

The Pink of Propriety.

"There goes your sweetheart across the street, Charley. Run along and overtake her. You can have a quiet walk with her. I'll excuse you."

"No," replied Charley, who was a Boston man, "I don't feel like promenading with her to-day."

"Why not?"

"Don't you see she's got a yellow gown on, and here I am in a pink shirt. No, my boy, it would never do."

Pot and Kettle.

"Isn't it horrible how the Chinese women deform themselves by pinching their feet?" asked Annie, just tying her shoes preparatory to going down town.

"Yes, indeed, perfectly awful," replied Belle, who was not so near dressed. "By the way, Annie, won't you hand me down that strongest pair of corsets of mine? I see I am breaking these all out."

Shortcoming of Language.

"But you must take into account the laws of heredity," said the old bachelor to the divorced man, who was complaining to him of the conduct of one of his daughters. "You believe in heredity, don't you?"

"Well, not exactly that; but I am beginning to believe in she-redity."

Progressive Wadsworth.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"Yes, you can pump, kind sir," she said.

Applying a Proverb.

"And were you never in love?" asked the young maiden of an elderly one.

"No; Cupid never looked my way, somehow. Love is blind, you know."

"But possibly he got one eye open a little bit whenever he came around in your vicinity, dear."

A Misnomer.

"No, I don't care much about being sick," said the boy, just after smoking his first cigar; "but I do object to the name of it."

"Why, what was the name?"

"The 'Connecticut filler;' and it emptied me out completely."

Not a Business Head.

"That man will never amount to anything," said one traveling man to another.

"No? Why not?"

"Well, he is trying to sell a cure for insomnia, and where do you think he was going to try and secure orders?"

"I don't know. Where?"

"To Philadelphia."

THERE'S GOIN' TO BE A THAW.

Last night, afore I went tu bed, my
Laighorn rooster crowed,
An' you c'd hear the injines puff down on
the valley road.
I seed a flock uv crows tu-day, and' heerd
'em holler "Caw" —
You needont talk "cold wave" tu me,
ther's goin' tu be a thaw.

Them meteorologic chaps what prophesy
in schools,
Claim tu work out weather bits by
systematic rools,
All science an' no observate—ther say aint
nuth a straw;
But I've observed, an' I kin tell—Ther's
goin' tu be a thaw.

I don't pertend n'r claim tu be so very
weather-wise,
But I kin tell sumthings by the complexion
uv the skies,
I've figgerd on the shaips uv clouds an'
how they hang ye knaw,
An' I kin tell mos' allus when ther's goin'
tu be a thaw.

This mornin' when the sun appeerd, he
got up rudder slow
An' thru the boar-frost I c'd see he wore
a gray hello.
An' then the sky showed mackerell—although the air wuz raw,
I called to Dobbins, an' sez I, "Ther's
goin' tu be a thaw."

Now I kin hear the big owls go "tu-who,
tu-whit, tu-who!"
The echoes soundin' real like a prognostication, too.
I've prophesied fur years, an' gained considif'able eclaw,
An' you kin bet your salary ther's goin'
tu be a thaw.

The signal service poster sez "A blizzard's
comin' down
From Manitoba, on the jump, an' soon'll
strike the town."
Good skatin' on the river Fluke cl'ar down
tu Kenesaw;
Thermometer still droppin', but ther's
goin' tu be a thaw.

Fur I kin feel in my ole laigs thet bitin'
roomatiz;
An' Polly Ann, her corns jis' aiks like all
ge-mighty whiz.
John Walter is a howlin' with nooralgy in
his jaw;
The horses is crackin'—you kin bet ther's
goin' tu be a thaw.
HUMPHREY KRASH.

Safe for a Time at Least.

Among the callers at Auburn jail is a very elderly woman who brings dainties to a man.

"What is he?" asked the turnkey; "your husband?"

"Oh, dear me, no!" said she coyly. I guess he isn't my husband."

"Your brother?"

"Brother! Why, the idea!" said she. "No, he is not."

"Your son?" suggested the turnkey.

"Sir-r-r-r," said she.

"Your father?"

"No, sir, he ain't my father, though that wouldn't be so bad. He is just, well—ahem," said she, "the—well—he is my intended!"

"Your intended?"

"Yes," said she; "he intended to be mine before he went and did this job that pulled him in, and young man, I myself intend that he shall marry me when he comes out, and I never spoil a good intention. You give him them sassengers and tell him that his true love waits for him at the portie."

The face at the inside of the portal five minutes later looked happy—happy that there was no love "betwixt 'em.—Lowiston (Me.) Journal.

The Code of Napoleon.

A marriage contract according to the laws of England or of the United States is not valid in France unless all the details of French law are complied with. The American woman who marries a Frenchman in this country is not, in the eye of the French law, his wife until all the requirements of the Code Napoleon have been complied with.

Satisfactory Grounds.

A New York man, in petitioning for a divorce, pleaded that the "defendant would not sew on this plaintiff's buttons, neither would she allow him to go to fires at night," a species of oppression decided by the court to be cruel and inhuman, and therefore entitling the plaintiff to a decree.

A Woman Spendthrift.

A woman who was a great spendthrift died a short time back. Her papers revealed lavish extravagance on her part. In one year she spent £4,000 on dress. She paid £85 for a hat, £73 for a bodice, her parasols cost twelve guineas each and stockings seven guineas a pair.

More Than She Could Stand.

Nodd—I see that Hapstock has separated from his wife.

Todd—That's strange. She only got back from a trip the other day.

Nodd—I know it. But while she was away he used a lamp shade she had made to cover the cheese with.—Truth.

His Choice.

"See here, young man!" exclaimed Mr. Morris, angrily, as he suddenly entered the parlor; "you'll have to marry my daughter or stop coming to see her."

"I'll marry her, sir!" replied Jack, calmly. "It will be easier."—Puck.

Cupid or Cupidity?

Of his love there hardly seemed a doubt,
His vows were warm to the cupidity.
But little Miss Million couldn't find out
If 'twas Cupid—or cupidity.
—Vogue.

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What? That a warranted razor steel knife can be sold for 48c and men get good wages. The McKinley Bill was for just that purpose; good wages to workmen; low prices to consumers. This cut shows a 2-blade Jack Knife, hand forged, razor steel blades, ground thin to cut with, not to pry, and equal in temper to any $2.00 razor. Our price was 75 cents; to Blade readers it will be sent for 48c; 5 for $1. Fine three Blade pen knife, $1.00. Lady's fine 3-Blade, 2-hollow ground razor, $1.25. Best Strop 50c. 7-inch best Steel Shears, 60c. SHEARS AND THIS KNIFE, $1.00.

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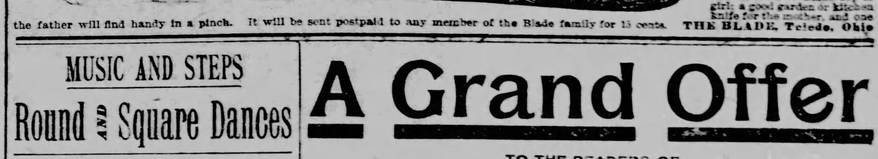

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HER BEST.

Have you noticed the change it sometimes makes
In a woman's face—
Passive it may be, and dull and cold,
Neutral tinted and commonplace—
When the sun falls on it? How swift it takes
Meaning and color and soft outlines?
How strange new lights from the eyes will slip,
And new tints blossom on cheek and lip?
The whole face softens and warms and shines,
And the hair, a miser grown overbold,
Shows forth of a sudden, undreamed-of gold.
Oh, there's many a woman East and West,
Must be in the sunshine to look her best!

Have you ever noticed the change it makes
In a woman's face
And her heart and her life, that were cold and dull
And slightly inclined to commonplace,
When Love shines on them? How there breaks
Over her nature a wave of gold,
Bringing out beauty unknown before,
Mellowing, widening more and more,
Lifting her up till her eyes behold
Ever new blooms for her hands to cull,
So she and her life grow beautiful?
Oh, there's never a woman, East or West,
But must live in Love's sunshine to live her best!

—Clara W. Bronson.

HOME TALKS.

THE WORK OF THE CHILDREN'S HOME SOCIETY.

What It Has Done and What It Seeks to Do in the Future—A National Interest.

"The hope of the world lies in the children." It lies with them because they are the future men and women, whose combined action will make the condition of the community, of the state, of the nation. With a childhood of degradation, of low ideals, a maturity of usefulness cannot be expected, but rather one full of vice and possibly of crime. This fact causes our future to be fraught with danger. For it is an undoubted fact that pauperism is increasing in our midst, and with it the number of little waifs, who, surrounded by everything that is vicious, seeing and knowing nothing of the better part of life, untrained except in crime, cannot fail to lower the standard of morality and diminish prosperity

Because so much depends upon the children, any effort towards caring for their mental and moral training is of importance. It is but recently that I have known anything of the Children's Home society, an organization that is young but growing in vigor, and with a purpose that must

BADGE OF THE SOCIETY.

appeal to everybody who stops to consider what its work means. I must frankly confess that I had not done so until it was brought before me with a request for a few words to the public concerning its plans and purposes. Reading then for information, I have become more and more interested and ready to give it such good words as I may in The Blade and elsewhere.

First and foremost, what is it aiming to do? I will let the words of its circular speak for it:

"To rescue homeless, abused and neglected children in the earliest stage of their misfortune, finding homes for them in well-appointed families—to continue a watch-care over them.

"To give assurance to the poor and needy that their children, if left destitute, shall be watched over with tender care.

"To protect society against its greatest foes—ignorance and vice—by securing proper home training and education for destitute little ones, that otherwise might fall under the most evil influences.

"To improve American citizenship by lifting those liable to become evil elements of society out of their unfavorable surroundings and placing them where they will become useful members of society."

Surely such an undertaking should challenge the interest of the whole community wherever the matter is presented.

Now, what is the method by which they propose to carry this work forward? It is this, using again the words of the society:

"The organization in each community of local boards, composed of the best men and women representing the churches, whose duty it is to report homeless and dependent children to the state secretary or secretary, to seek homes for such children, and to advise the society of the fitness of applicants for children. This work is not confined to denominational lines, and all applicants who will give children a Christian training, and are otherwise competent, are welcome."

As seen by this, though they must represent the churches, there are no denominational lines drawn among the workers. That is well, as far as it goes. It would have been better, it seems, to have said that all who are living honest, reputable, self-respecting lives and who are, according to the law of human brotherhood, ready to help others whenever and wherever that help is needed, may be represented upon these local boards, though they do not belong to any church. This is a bit of narrowness which, in such a grand work, is out of place and should be done away with. Some of the tenderest and truest men and women I ever knew, whose lives were and are devoted to practical benevolence of the most self-sacrificing kind, stand outside of the orthodox churches, and thus, according to the above, are excluded, no matter how well-fitted, from any responsible work in the organization. However, the world is moving, and this sort of thing will have an end.

To resume: What has been accomplished so far in the history of the society? In the ten years since it began, according to its records, 3,000 little ones have been taken away from surroundings which, in the majority of cases, would have brutalized them, and placed in homes, to be cared for and trained to become good members of society. That is a splendid work to have accomplished.

The jury of awards of the World's Fair when a presentation of the society was made, called it "the most aggressively humane movement" now making. Whether that be so or not, statistics show that it is one whose need is imperative. Helen Campbell says that in spite of the law in New York against the employment of any children under 13 years old in factories, there are now, beyond dispute, over one hundred thousand little child workers in New York city alone. These little ones range from four to ten years of age, and it is pitiful to think of their joyless childhood. This fact of itself shows that the nation needs to look after its children's welfare, for these are to be the future men and women of the great metropolis which, in a way, sets the pace for the rest of the country. What is true of New York is, doubtless true of other cities, making the work of all societies for the care and protection of children of the utmost importance.

According to the circular of the Children's Home society it costs $200 for the arrest and conviction of a juvenile offender and the arrest and conviction of a hardened criminal averages $2,000. From this point of view then, it is wiser for society to look after the waifs, the money required for doing so being far less than this expenditure. Fifty dollars will defray all of the expenses of putting a child left without a protector into a good home and looking after its future. If this is done in the way that the reports speak of, it is an organization to be promoted.

Already it is said 29 states and territories have petitioned the national board of directors for permission to organize branch societies, and they are to be found to-day in Illinois, Dakota, Missouri, Indiana, Nebraska, Michigan, Iowa, Ohio and possibly others of which I have not heard. The national headquarters are in Chicago and among its list of 60 officers are many men—I notice but three women by the way—of national reputation. A magazine devoted to the interests of the society called the Children's Home Finder is published at Davenport, Iowa.

I have given this little sketch of the Children's Home society because it is a movement that is for a general good. The rescue of these little ones, so many in number, as will be cared for by so widely extended a society, means much for the future of this people; how much can never be measured.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

Luck Versus Honest Endeavor.

The day after the recent blizzard, when the temperature and everybody's spirits were "way down," a good neighbor waded through the snow drifts and brought me a bunch of flowers—a pale blue hyacinth, a vivid scarlet geranium and some delicate pink begonia sprays—all picked from her own house-plants. I had barely time to arrange them in a vase before another neighbor came in, one who is, by the way, something of a grumbler. She first admired the flowers, then bewailed the unkind fate that prevented her having any "luck" with plants in winter.

"I keep them in a room by themselves, where there are windows to the south and east, and they are kept warm enough; but they never blossom or even grow; they just 'stay' from fall to spring."

"Do you water them regularly?" asked neighbor No. 1.

"Why, yes; that is, whenever I think of it," said No. 2.

"My plants are in the sitting-room, where it is so warm that they need watering every morning," continued No. 1, "and I find that luke-warm water agrees with blossoming plants better than cold."

"I put hot water on my plants, and they did not blossom," said No. 2 convincingly.

No. 1 shuddered slightly. "Do you ever spray your plants? That moistens them nicely, and does not make the earth so soggy as pouring the water directly upon it."

"Goodness, no! I couldn't bother to do that," said No. 2.

"It is some trouble, but I do it once a week, when I move them into the kitchen on sweeping day, to avoid the dust from the carpet in the other room. A little ammonia in the water helps them, too, or a little liquid fertilizer. They are proud little things, and dislike to have dead leaves hanging on their stalks, so I keep a sharp look-out for them, and for their enemies, the plant lice, scaly bug and earth worms."

"Oh, dear! if you take so much pains as that with them, it's no wonder they blossom. Perhaps there is something in it more than 'luck,'" said No. 2, thoughtfully, and though we both laughed at her then, I have often thought of her remark since, and wondered if it is not just so in other things.

People complain of their lack of luck, or good fortune, when really it is often the lack of honest, untiring effort that makes them unsuccessful. Sure it is, that every one of us will fall in our undertakings if we do not bring to bear upon them the very best there is in us; and why, then, is it not equally sure that, doing our best, we shall succeed? It will do us no harm to think so, at any rate, and it may be we shall all raise plants that will blossom, sooner or later, to reward our care.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

A Correspondent Who Is "Ready for the Fray."

I wish to reply to Ann, who, in a recent number of The Blade, expressed a fear that to add to women's already over-burdened shoulders the load of a ballot would be more of a tax than she could endure without doing a violence to herself. Now, Ann, just settle your fears on that score, for it will be no burden at all but a privilege, if not a diversion, when the dear men say the word that is to enfranchise us, and we march victoriously to the polls to drop the tiny bit of paper that is to give expression as to who we desire to assist in making our laws and collecting our taxes. I am sorry that there is a class of women who do not seem to properly appreciate the privilege that it would be to be permitted to aid in securing such legislation as would be surest to protect our sons and daughters from corruption. For my part, I want to become a citizen in every sense of the word.

Now please bear in mind, friend Ann, that we will not be forced to vote when the ballot is given us, but will do as men do, use our own pleasure in regard to it.

And, remember, there are many women who are not the proud possessors of husbands, who pay taxes exactly in proportion to the amount men do. Now, is that just?

Is it any wonder that our nation is becoming afflicted with political leprosy, when a large proportion of her people are denied representation? A government in which a woman has no voice makes laws for her, appropriates its share of her property, takes her young sons to die on unknown battlefields; yet she should be happy and contented; she is mother of the race; I believe her influence in politics would be for peace.

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts."

All hail the day when men, wearied by her continual coming, will concede to mothers, wives and sisters by law that which is their's already by right.
—Kansas.

"Kate K." Criticises "Ione's" Letter

"Ione:"—It is my opinion that a woman who has never heard of Geore Eliot, Dickens, and others "too numerous too mention.," would never care for an introduction. Their minds were not developed for that kind of literature. I spent some time with a country woman last summer—a bright woman in her way. I could hear her pitying me because I could not wash, iron, bake and scrub in one day; but if I happened to ask her if she had read this or that book on her table, her reply would be: "Oh, no, child! I never have time to read."

My curiosity was aroused when I read of women "who were intelligent and well educated," who lived near good libraries, who would pore over the veriest trash for hours and seemingly enjoy it. Doesn't that scund reasonable? "Seemingly enjoy it!" It is my opinion that they did enjoy it. Their minds were developed for just such literature.

I remember one hot summer day, I walked six miles to borrow "Lorna Doone," that I might have something good to read. I am not in easy walking distance of a good library, and cannot afford to buy every book I would like to read; but I would rather take a little walk like that than to read the "veriest trash."—Kate K.

A Friend is Moved to Speak.

If the mothers who guarded so carefully the health and morals of their daughters between the critical ages of 9 and 18 would let them repay the debt by lightening "mother's" labor and care during the trying years from 40 to 50, when so many women break down under the nervous strain of over-work and anxiety, there would be fewer mothers found in insane asylums, and more self-reliant, useful, happy daughters. The first few years of married life for those daughters would be less trying; they would have fewer costly experiences, more blissful honeymoons, and be happier as wives and mothers themselves.—A Quaker Mother.

A Little Good Contriving.

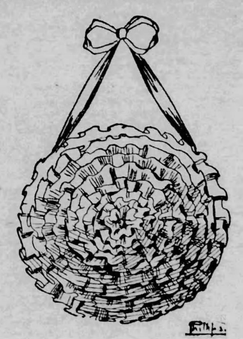
I had an old garnet hood; it was made double, the upper part being of Saxony, the inside, or lining, of Germantown yarn. I raveled it out, and of the Germantown yarn I crocheted three mats, each as large as a saucer. Of the Saxony, I knit three strips in "garter stitch," seven stitches wide and long enough to go twice around the mats. These strips I washed and pressed dry between cloths, to make the yarn "curly" when I raveled it, after sewing it firmly to the edge of the round mats. I did this by beginning to ravel it at the end where I had finished knitting, leaving two unraveled stitches for a heading to the fringe.—Mountain Rill.

WITH THREAD AND NEEDLE

And Patience Nimble Fingers Can Make Many Pretty Things.

A Rose Headrest.

Make a round cushion, stuffed with down, and cover with silk of a pretty shade of pink. Then cover this with rows of silk ruffles made of different shades of pink, the first ruffle following the edge of the cushion, the second just overlapping the first, and



so on to the center. Put considerable fullness in the ruffles, which are cut bias. If the silk is firm, leave the edge without hemming. When done the cushion looks like a great blossom. Rose sachet powder sprinkled in the down adds to the effect. Fasten ribbons or cords to the sides to hang it by upon the chair.

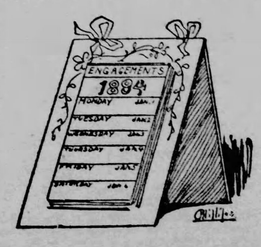
Pretty Tea-Cosy.

This is made bell-shaped. Take four half-ovals of light blue silk for the outside and four of sateen for the lining. Sew them together, each four pieces forming a sort of bell-shaped cap. Put over the lining several layers of cotton, draw the outside over this and, turning in the lower edges, hem the lining to the outside. Out of

heliotrope broadcloth cut four leaves, long enough to reach from the top to the bottom of the cosy. The leaves should be as wide as the widest part of the middle part of the pieces. Make a center line for the midrib on each leaf, and vein with silk each side. Finish the bottom of the cosy with a lace ruffle. Put the leaves over the seams, and fasten at the top. Where the leaves come together sew little bells. Put a row of heliotrope ribbon at the top, and sew a gilt hook to it, to lift the cosy by.

Engagement Calendar.

The convenient little article shown below was taken from Harper's Bazar, with the description of the way of making it. This can, of course, be



varied to suit the fancy. The covering need not necessarily be of white linen, but of some material and color that will not soil so easily, and the decoration may be made according to the taste.

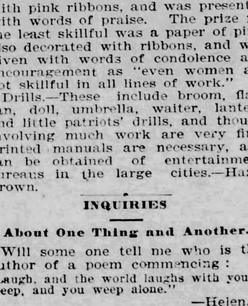
To make the standard on which the pad of blank leaves for the engagement calendar rests, cover four pieces of card board with white linen. Glue these pieces together so that there are two, each covered back and front with linen. The size of these pieces will vary with the size of the calendar pad. There should be at least three-quarters of an inch margin all around for decoration on the linen.

If you wish to make the calendar pad yourself, take fifty-two sheets of white paper five inches and three-quarters long by three inches wide. Rule each one (on one side) into eight divisions, each three-quarters of an inch wide. In these spaces letter the days of the week with their correct dates, and at the top, "Engagements, 1894," as shown in the drawing. Now glue these leaves firmly together at the top, on the edges, and fasten it to the linen.

As this part of the work requires considerable skill, it would be easier to buy an engagement-calendar pad at a stationer's. When this is glued to one of the linen boards, sew this piece to the second linen board with a few strong stitches at the top. Cover the stitches with bows of narrow ribbon. The decoration may consist of painting or embroidery.

Table Center-Piece.

Get a piece of ecru silk 15 or 18 inches square. Draw the threads for about two inches in depth on the four sides. Then sew the drawn work pattern with gold thread. It must be done very evenly to be pretty. Embroider a bouquet of popies or nasturtiums in one corner. Hem the outer edge. This can be left plain or trimmed with ecru silk fringe.



SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Something Nice if Not Altogether New.

A Bonnet Social.—This is heralded as an "opening," at which a magnificent array of the finest styles, great novelties, etc., will be shown. Tables are used for counters, and upon these are frames loaned by an obliging milliner, hang hats and bonnets of ancient and curious styles, including perhaps the wedding bonnets of the elder and the infant head gear of the younger people, with date of the year when new. There must also be a collection of untrimmed hats, ribbons, laces, flowers and feathers. The gentlemen, old and young, who have consented to act as trimmers, select a hat and trimmings, and are given fifteen minutes for the work. Each hat when finished is immediately worn by a lady friend, who promenades the room and shows it off. Later the judges announce that the hat trimmed by Mr. ——— and worn by Miss ——— has taken first, second or third prize, as may be. At our social a young man formerly employed in a wholesale millinery house prodced an elegant hat, having had the judgment and taste to select the handsomest materials. Our superintendent of schools, wishing to use a wing in trimming, ingeniously cut a hole in the side of the hat and thrust the lower end of the wing through. Some hats were marvelously ugly, but served their purpose in causing much merriment. Light refreshments were served for a dime.

An Apron Social.—This is similar in that the gentlemen do the needlework. The aprons of calico or gingham are finished except the hem at the bottom. Turning the hem is the rock upon which many come to grief. Twenty minutes are given for the work. One of the gentlemen, an upholsterer, had his apron beautifully hemmed and was wearing it within the time. The first prize was a whisk broom decorated with pink ribbons, and was presented with words of praise. The prize for the least skillful was a paper of pins, also decorated with ribbons, and was given with words of condolence and encouragement as "even women are not skillful in all lines of work."

Drills.—These include broom, flag, fan, doll, umbrella, waiter, lantern and little patriots' drills, and though involving much work are very fine. Printed manuals are necessary, and can be obtained of entertainment bureaus in the large cities.—Hazel Brown.

INQUIRIES

About One Thing and Another.

Will some one tell me who is the author of a poem commencing:
"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone."
—Helen.

Can some one send directions for making a what-not and catch-all?—Mountain May.

I have some light brown silk, half of which I wish to color red, the other half olive or dark blue. Will some one tell me if it will take the colors nicely? Also, will some one suggest a remedy for dyspepsia and nervousness? A Sufferer.

Will some one tell me what to do for children suffering from eczema? I have tried many remedies, but have failed to cure it.—Housekeeper

My little boy, six months old, squints badly, and insists on sucking his thumb. Is there anything I can do to break him of the two unfortunate habits?—Mater.

Answers.

"J. A. S."—Thanks for recipe. We cannot accommodate you in regard to the other matter, as this is not an "exchange" column, and we have already refused to print songs in the Household department.

Mrs. M. H. S.—We are very sorry, but it would be impossible for us to re-publish the story. We would gladly do so if we could.

Mrs. Nulting.—We cannot print or forward addresses, except in very peculiar cases. If your friend chooses to send the recipe for stamping powder, or the directions for transfer work to this paper, we shall be pleased to print them for "Gertrude's" benefit.—Ed.

The following may be a little early, but it is a good thing to remember. Grass stains upon white fabrics can be removed by rubbing them well with molasses and spreading in the sun for a few hours.—Jean Hunt.

"Anxious Mother:"—I have had children cry as yours does when nothing was the matter except wind colic, and a dose of warm peppermint tea would relieve them. I always kept the essence or oil of peppermint in the house for that purpose.—Nellie.

"M. M. G."—I have cured several seed-warts by first splitting a bean and rubbing every part of it over the wart and then throwing it into a well. The wart will first die at the roots, and then fall off. Try it.—Nellie.

"Wellwisher."—Coloring can be done in the winter just as well, only do not let your garments freeze before they are washed.—Nell.

Recipes.

No delegates to the Cook's congress arrived this week; undoubtedly they are "snow-bound" along the route; but the Cook's friends have not entirely forgotten her, as witness the following:

Ice Cream Cake.

Whites of 8 eggs, 2 coffee cupfuls confectioner's sugar, 2-3 cupful butter, 1 cupful milk, 2 cupfuls flour, 1 cupful corn-starch, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder mixed with the flour. Cream the butter and sugar together, add the milk, then the flour and corn-starch, lastly add the whites of the eggs, beaten very light, flavor with vanilla; bake in layers a little more than 1-2 inch in thickness.

For the icing boil 3 cupfuls sugar until it is clear; beat the whites of 3 eggs very light, and pour the boiling syrup over them, stirring until cold. Spread over the cakes in the same thickness as the cake itself. This makes a very large cake.—C.

Web-Foot Yeast Recipe.

Boil 2 ozs. of hops in 4 qts. of water for 1-2 hour; stain and when luke-warm add a handful of salt, and 1-2 lb. sugar. Beat up 1 lb. of flour to a batter with the hop-water; let stand for 2 days, then add 3 lbs. of mashed potato, and let stand for 2 days longer, then strain, bottle, and it is ready for use. While making it, it must be kept in a warm place and stirred frequently, but after it is bottled it should be kept in a cool place, and will improve with age.—Oregon.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Are Addressed by a Lady of Rank—Praise for Our Poets.

Dear Merry Go-Rounds:—I agree with Pansy Violet that books are our best and dearest companions and I think the United States has cause to be proud of her poets. My favorites of the present are James Whitcomb Riley, Jack Bennett, Eugene Field, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Frank Stanton. I admire the works of Lew Wallace very much, I have read both "Ben Hur" and Fair God," and intend to read the "Prince of India."

A school girl leads a pretty busy life, doesn't she? I know with my studies, music and books and a little fun, now and then, I don't have much spare time. I am a soldier's daughter, 16 years of age, and my favorite study is Latin.—Empress.

A Dainty Spring Blossom.

Dear Merry Go-Rounds:—I am another of the school girls who is looking forward to the time when she can become a teacher. Like "Lurley," I do not admire Dickens's works. Will Thena correspond with me?—Mayflower.

Another Wild Rose Blooms Out.

Dear Merry Go-Rounds:—I enjoyed Laura Golden's letter very much and would like to be personally acquainted with her. "Missouri Wild Rose" I, too, think gum-chewing as bad a habit for a young woman as tobacco chewing is for a young man, though I confess to having once been a "gum-chewer" myself. I like Charlotte M. Breame, "Josiah Allen's Wife," Miss Alcott, and many others. I am a soldier's orphan, my father dying not two months ago. I am a young teacher and enjoy my work very much. My favorite studies are mathematics, literature and physiology. Our favorite amusement this winter is skating. —"Minnesota Wild Rose."

Will Dorothy L. Respond?

Dear Merry Go-Rounds:—I should like so much to correspond with Dorothy L., who wrote to the Household some time ago if she is willing; as I fell completely in love with her, or more correctly speaking, with her letter when I read it. As I am in almost exactly the same position she is, I think that we could help each other very much if we were to exchange facts and ideas.—E. S.

A Very Good Suggestion.

Dear Merry Go-Rounds:—I enter the circle to inquire in regard to certain literature. Will some one please advise me where I can get the book entitled Bungan's "Pilgrim's Progress?" Also the names of some of Louisa M. Alcott's books, and where published? I think it would be real interesting for each of us to give a description of our homes and surroundings that we might learn something of the different parts of our country. I agree with Lucile in regard to a sister's influence over her brothers.—Lydia.

A Student of Irving.

Dear Merry Go-Rounds:—I live in a college town in the "wild and uncivilized" but beautiful Dakota and I am a veteran's daughter. "Bachelor Nell," I agree with you about Shakespeare. I do not like to read his works, but I enjoy reading Irving very much. I am a dressmaker, but I like to read better than any thing else.—Rosina.

Next week "we girls" may look out for a very interesting letter from a "Merry Go-Rounder" who formerly lived in Berne, Switzerland.

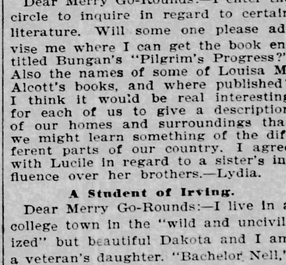
Some Kind Words for The Blade.

Dear Merry Go-Rounds:—After Thena's kind invitation, I will tell you how to make The Blade useful in the school room. In the first place "Our Young Folks" stories are delightful for the little ones, as supplementary reading. The short biographical sketches in the "Wonder Column" are excellent, too, for the older ones to think about, and what could make the civil war more interesting than the "Camp Fire Chats?" Try this, teachers, and see how enthusiastic your pupils will become. Now in answer to Thena's question in regard to associating with young ladies of immoral character, even if they are our school-mates, I would say, I would not, if I could not help them in some way, be their helpers more than friends. For fear of making this too long, I will leave Jennie's question until next time.—Minnie Ireton.

Does Not Stand for Women's Rights

Dear Merry Go-Rounds:—Can I come in this charming circle? I am very fond of literature, Dickens being my favorite author; "Little Nell" in "Old Curiosity Shop" is a model for us all. I like Louisa M. Alcott's works especially "The Old Fashioned Girl," and Longfellow's "Evangeline" is splendid. "Bachelor Nell," I, too, admire. Will Carleton's poems Carl, I admire your "ideal woman," and I don't think she is an "ideal woman" if she wants "woman's rights." Girls, how many of you are for woman's rights, I, for one, am not. I would like to sit beside Daphne, Hilda, and all the other music lovers, for I am particularly fond of music; history is my favorite study. Kathleen, let us hear more about you.—Katharine.

Lura Murphy:—The "Blance Evelyn" referred to by "Pansy Viola" was the pen name of one of the Merry Go-Round girls, so your correction was unnecessary.—Ed.



Educational Honors for Women.

Early in December the Royal University of Ireland, an examining university and the only one in Great Britain or Ireland that confers a musical degree on women, conferred degrees on 211 graduates, 76 being ladies. Dr. Annie Patterson, the first lady graduate to receive a musical degree, gave an organ recital. In the absence of Lord Dufferin, the chancellor, and Lord Emly, the vice-chancellor, Lord Morris presided. The remarkable successes of 14 of the ladies were alluded to by the president in his address. Miss Fleury, who took her M. B., obtained the second gold medal. Miss Drekson, who took her M. B., won the traveling scholarship of £90. This is a prize for which every medical student strives, as it gives the privilege of a year's study on the continent at some famous foreign medical school. One lady took her M. A. degree; another took an LL. B. Men were more successful in science than women, but two of the latter carried off the first-class honors in literature. Another B. A. had second-class honors in ancient classics, and four took second-class honors in history, political economy, and general jurisprudence.

The first fellowships of the university founded, four in number, will be open for candidates next year, when ladies will have the same rights as men in offering themselves for examination. It is the first time that any substantial recognition of women's ability has been made and the experiment will be watched with interest.—Woman's Tribune.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, THE POPULAR ENGLISH NOVELIST.

Her Earlier Life in an Old-Fashioned Country Manor House—Her Later Life and Works.

Almost everybody likes the stories of Rosa Nouchette Carey, not only because they are most entertaining in plot and construction, but there is always an atmosphere, so to speak, of purity of thought and right purpose about them that carries a good influence, whether the reader is conscious of it or not.

Mrs. Carey is an Englishwoman, the youngest of a family of seven children, consisting of five sisters and two brothers. Her childhood was a happy one passed at Hackney, where her father, a man of wealth and culture, owned and lived in one of those old-fashioned houses which possess a charm peculiar to themselves, and which children are apt to love and enjoy as they never love any more modern house they may chance to live in afterwards. Here her genius for story-making had its first exercise in

ROSA NOURCHETTE CAREY.

making up tales with which to entertain a pleased audience consisting of her brothers and sisters.

Through the earlier years of her youth and womanhood much sorrow came to her, and this makes itself visible in her earlier stories. Among these was the first book that brought her recognition, entitled "Nellie's Memories." This was followed by "Wee Wifie," and then after this at intervals of two years came five other novels, which were welcomed with pleasure as each appeared.

The story which followed these was the one that has made her the most popular in this country, "Not Like Other Girls" is the name, and it is not only a pretty romance, but it gives many practical ideas regarding the possibilities for girls in the way of earning money for themeselves, and yet being as womanly as any lady in the land, whatever her degree. While it is an English story, so far as its characters are concerned, the same ideas apply in this country with equal force.

Miss Carey now lives at Putney, a place in itself well known in English history. Cromwell once made his headquarters here; the Earl of Essex was born in this neighborhood, as also Edward Gibbon and others known to the world, while there were many noted people who called this place home. Naturally these things have their influence upon this writer, whose romantic thought is thus stirred to action.

In a sketch of Miss Carey by Ruth Ashmore in the Home Journal, she describes her present appearance as follows: "To-day Rosa Nouchette Carey would impress you first of all with the fact that she was a gentlewoman. She is tall, slender and carries herself most gracefully; she has great, large eyes that seem sometimes blue and sometimes gray, while her hair, which is a soft dark brown, is brushed off her face and braided at the back, and if you looked at it closely you would see a silver thread or two. She has that most excellent thing in a woman—a sweet, musical voice, and it would seem as if, in this respect, like looked for like, inasmuch as her greatest pets are birds—one gay little thrush coming with great regularity every morning to her window for its breakfast."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

COCK-ALU AND HEN-ALIE.

In this tale is shown to you,
How large the boast of Cock-alu;
But when he comes to act, you'll see
Small hope indeed for Hen-alie;
And thus you clearly will perceive,
That who has great things to achieve
Must not stand talking, but must do,
E se he will fail like Cock-alu.
For he who would perform the most
Will utter no vain-glorious boast;
But still press onward, staunch and true,
With but the honest end in view.

Cock-alu and Hen-alie sat on the perch above the bean-straw. It was 4 o'clock in the morning, and Cock-alu clapped his wings and crowed; then, turning to Hen-alie, he said: "Hen-alie, my little wife, I love you better than all the world; you know I do. I always told you so! I will do anything for you; I'll go round the world for you; I'll travel as far as the sun for you! You know I would! Tell me what shall I do for you?"

"Crow!" said Hen-alie.

"Oh, that is such a little thing!" said Cock-alu, and crowed with all his might. He crowed so loud that he woke the farmer's wife, and the dog and the cat, and all the pigeons and horses in the stable, and the cow in the stall.

He crowed so loud that all the neighbors' cocks heard him and answered him, and they woke all their people; and thus Cock-alu woke the whole parish.

"You've done it rarely this morning!" said he; "I told you I would do anything to please you!"

The next morning, at breakfast, as Hen-alie was picking beans out of the bean-straw, one stuck in her throat; and she was soon so ill that she was just ready to die.

"Oh, Cock-alu," said she, calling to him in the yard, where he stood clapping his wings in the sunshine, "run and fetch me a drop of water from the silver spring in the Beech-wood! Fetch me a drop quickly, while the dew is in it; for that is the true remedy."

But Cock-alu was so busy crowing against a neighbor that he took no notice.

"Oh, Cock-alu, do run and fetch me the water from the silver-spring, or I shall die; for the bean sticks in my throat, and nothing but water with dew in it can cure me. Oh, Cock-alu dear, run quickly!"

Cock-alu heard her this time, and set off, crowing as he went. He had not gone far before he met a snail.

"Where are you going, snail?" said he.

"I'm going to the cow-cabbage," says the snail; "and what urgent business may it be that takes you out thus early, Cock-alu?"

"I'm going to the silver-spring in the Beech-wood, to fetch a drop of water for my wife Hen-alie, who has got a bean in her throat," says Cock-alu.

"Oh," says the snail, "run along quickly, and get the water while the dew is in it, for nothing else will get a bean out of the throat. Don't stop by the way, for the ox is coming there to drink and he will trouble the water. Gather up my silver trail, however, and give it to Hen-alie with my love, and I hope she'll soon be better."

Cock-alu hastily gathered up the silver trail which the snail left. "This will make Hen-alie a pair of stockings!" said he, and went on his way.

He had not gone far when he met the wood-pigeon.

"Good-morning, pigeon," said he; "and which way are you going?"

"I am going to the pea-field," said the pigeon, "to get peas for my young ones; and what may your business be this morning, Cock-alu?"

"I'm going to the silver spring in the Beech-wood, to fetch a drop of water for my wife Hen-alie, who has got a bean in her throat."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said the pigeon; "but don't let me detain you, for water with the dew in it, is the best thing to get a bean out of the throat; and let me advise you to make haste, for the blood-hound is going to lap at the spring, and he'll trouble the water. So run along, and here, take with you my blue velvet neck-ribbon and give it to Hen-alie with my love, and I hope she'll soon be better."

"Oh, what a nice pair of garters this will make for Hen-alie!" exclaimed Cock-alu, and went on his way.

Before long, he met a wild-cat. "Good-morning, friend," said he, "and where may you be going to this morning?"

"I'm going to get a young wood-pigeon for my breakfast, while the mother is gone to the pea-field," said the wild-cat; "and where may you be traveling to this morning, Cock-alu?"

Cock-alu repeated his story and the wild-cat said "That's a bad business, but a drop of water with the dew in it, is the right remedy, so don't let me keep you, and you had better make haste, for the woodman is on his way to fell a tree by the spring, and if a branch falls into it, the water will be troubled; so off with you, but carry with you a flash of green-fire from my right eye and give it to Hen-alie with my love, and I hope she will soon be better."

"Oh, what beautful green light, like the green on my best tail-feathers! I'll keep it for myself; it's fitter for me than for Hen-alie!" said Cock-alu.

So he hung the green light on his tail-feathers, which made them very handsome, and he went on his way

Soon after, he met the sheep-dog.

"Good-morning, sheep-dog," said he, "where are you going?"

"I'm going to hunt up a stray lamb for my master," said the sheep-dog; "an what brings you abroad?"

Cock-alie told again the story of Hen-alie with the bean in her throat.

"Then why do you stop talking to me?" said the dog in his short way; "your wife's bad enough, I'll warrant, and a drop of water with the dew in it, is the thing to do her good. Be off with you! The farmer is coming to lay the spring dry this morning, I left him sharpening his mattock when I set out. You'll be too late if you don't mind," and with that, the dog went on his way.

"An unmannerly fellow," said Cock-alu, and stood looking after him. "I'll not go at his bidding, not I'" So he clapped his wings and crowed, to show that he set light by his advice.

"And never to give me anything for poor little Hen-alie, that lies sick at home, with a bean in her throat! the ill-natured churl!" cried Cock-alu to himself, and then he stood and crowed again with all his might.

After that he marched on, and before long reached the Beech-wood, but the silver spring lay yet a good way off, and he had not gone far when he met a squirrel.

"Good morning, Squirrel," said he, "What brings you abroad so early?"

"Early, do you call it, Cock-alu?" said the squirrel. "Why, I've been up these four hours. I just stopped to give the young ones their breakfasts, and then set off to Silver spring for a drop of water while the dew was in it for my poor old husband, who lies sick abed. I'm now on my way back again, with the water in this cherry leaf. And pray you, what business may take you abroad, Cock-alu?"

"The same as yours," said he. "I'm going for water, too, for my wife, Hen-alie, who has got a bean in her throat."

"Ah, well-a-lay!" says the squirrel, "that's a bad thing. But run along with you, for this old sow is coming down with her nine little pigs, and if they trouble the water, it will be all too late for poor little Hen-alie."

And with that he squirrel leaped up into the oak tree, above where Cock-alu stood, for that was her way home, and then left him without further ceremony.

"Humph!" said Cock-alu, "she might have given me some of the water out of her cherry leaf for my poor little Hen-alie." And so saying, he walked on through the Beech wood, and as he met no more creatures, he soon reached the Silver spring.

But it was now noonday, and there was not a drop of dew in the water, and the ox had been down and drank, and the bloodhound had lapped, and the old sow and her nine little pigs had wallowed in it, so the water was troubled; and besides that, the wood man had felled the tree, which now lay across the spring, and the farmer was digging the new water course, so the spring was getting lower every minute. Cock alu had come quite too late. There was not a drop left for poor little Hen-alie.

When he saw this he was very much disconcerted. He did not know what to do. He stood a little while considereing, and then he set off as hard as he could go to the squirrel's house to beg a drop of water from her. But the squirrel lived a long way off in the wood, and thus it was a considerable time before he got there.

When he reached the squirrel's house, however, nobody was at home. He knocked and knocked for a long time, and at last he walked in; but they were all gone out. He peoped, therefore, into the pantry, to see if he could find the water. There were plenty of hazelnuts and beechnuts, heaps and heaps of them, all laid up in store for winter, but no water. At length he saw the curled up cherry leaf, like a water jug, standing at the squirrel's bedside, but it was empty; there was not a single drop in it.

"This is bad business," said Cock-alu to himself, and turned to leave the house. At the squirrel's door he met the woodpecker.

"Woodpecker," said he, "where is the squirrel gone to? I want to beg a drop of water from the Silver spring for my wife, Hen-alie, who has got a bean in her throat."

"Lack-a day!" said the woodpecker, "the old squirrel drank every drop and drained the jug into the bargain; he lay sick in bed this morning, but there was such virtue in the water that he got well as soon as he drank it, and now he has taken his wife and little one out for an airing, and they will not be back till noght, I know But if you will leave any message with me, I will be sure to deliver it, for the squirrel and I are very neighborly."

"Oh!" groaned Cock-alu, "what would be the use of leaving a message if they have no water to give me?"

With that he came down from the old pine tree, where the squirrel lived, set out on his way home again, and came at length out of the Beech-wood, but it was then getting toward evening.

He came to his own yard, and there lay poor Hen-alie, just as he had left her.

"Hen-alie, my little wife," said he, crowing loudly as he came up, that he might put a cheerful face on the matter. "I have been very unlucky. I could not get you any watef, but I have something so nice for you! I have brought you a pair of silver-gauze stockings, which the snail has sent you, and a pair of blue velvet garters to wear with them, which the ring-dove gave you!"

"Thank you," sall poor little Hen-alie, in a very weak voice; but I wish you could have brought me some water. These things will do me no good!"

"I could not bring you water, for the Silver spring is dry," said Cock-alu, feeling very unhappy, and yet wishing to excuse himself. "There's not a drop of water left in it!"

"Then it's all over with me!" sighed Hen-alie.

"Don't be down-hearted, my little wife," said Cock-alu, trying to seem cheerful. "I will give you something better than all. I will give you the green-fire flash from the wildcat's right eye, which he gave me to wear on my tail feathers. Look up, my poor little Hen-alie, and I'll give it all to you!"

"Alas!" sighed Hen-alie, "what good will they do me? Oh, that somebody only loved me well enough to have brought me one drop of Silver spring water!"

All this while something very nice was happening, which I must tell you.

There was in the poultry yard a shabby, little drab-colored hen, very small and much despised. Cock-alu would not look at her, nor Hen-alie either. She had no tail feathers at all, and her long black legs looked as if she had borrowed them from a hen twice her size. She was, in short, the meanest, most ill-conditioned hen in the yard.

All the time, however, that Cock-alu was out on his fruitless errand, she had been comforting Hen-alie in the best way she could, and assuring her that he would soon be back again with the water from the Silver spring. But when he came back without a single drop, and only offered the fine silk stockings and blue garters instead, she set off, without saying a word

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

ERASTUS WIMANS IN THE TOMBS.

Story of R. G. Dun's Charges Against Him.

New York, Feb. 22.—Erastus Wiman, the well known capitalist and railroad magnate, was arrested on a bench warrant yesterday afternoon on two charges of forgery. He was brought into the judge's chamber in the General Sessions building at 5 o'clock and in default of $25,000 bail, was committed to the Tombs by Judge Martine.

Two indictments were found against Mr. Wiman by the grand jury yesterday. They are for forging and uttering checks. Each indictment contains two counts. The total amount involved in Mr. Wiman's alleged forgeries is $229,000. The complainant against him is R. G. Dun, president of the Mercantile agency association of 314 Broadway.

ERASTUS WIMAN.

One of the charges against Wiman is for forging an endorsement of E. W. Bullinger to a check for $5,000, which was drawn to Bullington's order by R. G. Dun & Co. The other charge is for forging the endorsement of Ogden Brower to a check also drawn by R. G. Dun & Co. for $5,580. The checks were forged respectively on January 20, 1893, and February 6, 1893. Wiman was arrested by detectives from the district attorney's office. The warrants were executed at Wiman's office. He was perfectly cool and collected when the detectives placed him under arrest, and he at once proceeded with them to the district attorney's office. From thence he was taken before Judge Martine in chamber general sessions. He was accompanied by his son-in-law, Norman S. Walker. Wiman said that Gen. B. F. Tracy was his counsel and that he had been in consultation with him nearly all the afternoon. He was not, he said, prepared to give bail at once and in default he was taken to the Tombs.

The following extracts from a letter sent the prosecuting attorney explain the charge:

The counts in the indictments relate to forgery and the uttering of forged checks which were drawn on the Second National bank where Wiman had no account.

The offense is punishable with not more than ten years for each of the indictments.

He Was on a Salary.

"Wiman was a salaried manager for Mr. Dun, with such powers as only the contract gave him, with additional power to draw checks. The property of R. G. Dun & Co. was not his property, in any sense. The moneys of R. G. Dun & Co. were not his moneys, in any sense, and the profits of R. G. Dun & Co. were not his profits in any sense. And yet various acts of embezzlement, through misrepresentation, concealments, breaches of his agreement, misuse of the powers confided to him, and gross usurpation of powers with which he was not trusted, he succeeded, during the years 1888, 1890, 1891, 1892 and up to February, 1893, in stealing from Mr. Dun, the enormous sum of $229,-018.90.

"He has committed so many crimes that selection for prosecution is difficult. What out of the long list of his offenses I have selected for presentation to you, two forgeries and two or more larcenies, so perfectly clear, so easily established, so indefensible, that they will serve the purpose of prosecution, without reference also to others.

"In February, 1893, R. G. Dun & Co., owing upwards of $10,000 to E. W. Bullinger, of this city, for material purchases, on the 6th of February, 1893, Wiman being in urgent straits for money, directed the cashier of R. G. Dun & Co. to make out a check to the order of Mr. Bullinger, and instead of transmitting it to him in part payment of his account, deliberately forged the name of E. W. Bullinger on the back of the check and deposited it to his own credit in his own bank. The account of Bullinger on the books of the firm was debited with that sum in the usual course of the business. I need hardly say that these acts of Wiman were wholly without the knowledge of Mr. Dun, or of any of his associates in R. G. Dun Co., and that since then they have paid to Mr. Bullinger the sum which Mr. Wiman, on the day named, appropriated by means of forgery to his own use.

"A few days before the Bullinger case, just recited, viz: On the 20th day of January, 1893, Wiman committed another forgery under circumstances very similar. On that date R. G. Dun & Co. owed the Campbell Printing Press and Manufacturing company the sum of $5,580 for two printing presses purchased in May, 1892. Wiman procured from the cashier of R. G. Dun & Co. a check to the order of Ogden Brower, the treasurer of the Campbell company, on the pretext that he desired to pay the account.

"Thereupon he went to the Campbell company, and telling them that R. G. Dun & Co. were short of funds, asked them whether they would like notes for their account instead of cash. On Mr. Brower acquiescing in the proposition, he made two notes covering the amount in his own name and delivered them to him. He then forged the name of Ogden Brower on the back of the check and appropriated it to his own use.

"All of these acts were concealed from the knowledge of Mr. Dun or any of his associates, but he subsequently, on discovering them, paid the Campbell company the amount of their accounts.

"On learning that his crimes had been detected, Wiman offered to transfer to Mr. Dun certain real estate on Staten island of doubtful value, but Mr. Dun, learning that Wiman was insolvent, refused to accept them or to receive any preference over his other creditors.

"Wiman thereupon made a formal assignment for the benefit of his creditors, but his assets have amounted to almost nothing.

"Mr. Dun did not submit the proof of Wiman's crimes to the authorities on first discovering them, for several reasons. In the first place, he was moved by considerations of sympathy for Mr. Wiman's family, with whom he had been on terms of friendship for many years.

WIMAN'S COUNSEL SPEAKS.

Charge Unfairness, Falsehood and Malice on the Part of Dun.

New York, Feb. 26.—Albert B. Boardman, of Tracy, Boardman & Platt, who has for many years been Mr. Wiman's private counsel, made the following statement last night regarding Mr. Wiman's case:

"For 15 or 20 years he has practically managed Mr. Dun's business. He has handled millions of dollars belonging to the firm of R. G. Dun & Co.

"Any one would suppose on reading Mr. Nicholl's statement that Mr. Wiman was a cashier or bookkeeper of R. G. Dun & Co., and that he had no individual business relation of any kind, either with Mr. Dun or with the parties in whose favor the checks were drawn. The fact is that for years Mr. Wiman has not only been a member of the firm of R. G. Dun & Co., but in the conduct of the business he has been the responsible head of the concern. I suppose 90 per cent of all the checks drawn by R. G. Dun & Co., during that period have been signed by Mr. Wiman. Probably Mr. Wiman has made the same per centage of all the firm's important contracts.

"Again, no reference is made in Mr. Nicholl's statement regarding the business relations between Mr. Dun and Mr. Wiman outside of the firm. I have for many years acted as Mr. Wiman's private counsel and am familiar with all his important outside business transactions. I cannot recall a single one in which Mr. Dun was not interested, and in some of them his interests were larger than those of Wiman's. Mr. Dun left the management of everything in his hands, and their relations in these outside matters have been as fast and loose as such relations ever are between brothers and persons who have the utmost confidence in each other.

Signed Most of the Checks.

"He has probably signed 90 per cent. of all the checks drawn during that period, he had bought hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of material and supplies, made 90 per cent. of the firm's important contracts, and been in every sense of the phrase up to the actual division of the profit, about all there was of R. G. Dun & Co. When Mr. Dun brought Mr. Wiman from Canada, he was making little or nothing out of the business, but from the moment Mr. Wiman took charge profits steadily increased until Mr. Dun's share amounted to $350,000 to $450,000 per annum.

"Mr. Wiman's friends and the public generally, including any fair-minded jury, will, I think, find it hard to believe that while Mr. Wiman was making for himself out of the firm from $75,000 to $100,000 per annum, and for Mr. Dun $350,000 to $450,000 he was scheming to defraud his firm of about $10,000 through the forgery of names in no way resembling the genuine signatures of the parties, and where the only purpose and effect of the transaction was to transfer credit from one bank account against which he had the absolute right to draw to another account against which he had the absolute right to draw.

RELEASED ON BAIL.

Erastus Wiman Secures Charles H. Deere, of Moline, Ill.

New York, Feb. 24.—Erastus Wiman was released from custody at noon to-day, on $25,000 bail. Mr. Charles H. Deere, of Moline, Ills., deposited 25 $1,000 bills this morning, and Recorder Smyth signed the bail bond. Mr. Deere is the father-in-law of Mr. Wiman's son William, who is now lying in a precarious condition at his home, on Staten Island.

CORNELL STUDENTS IN A DISGRACEFUL BRAWL.

Their Performances End Fatally to One Woman—Excitement at the University.

Ithaca, N. Y., Feb. 21.—Last night the village passed through another annual class riot. The occasion was the freshman banquet at the old Masonic hall on Tioga street. For a week previous the under classmen have been at swords' points. Numerous hazings have occurred; more than once has the spirit outreached its proper bounds.

Last night, however, the spirit reached its height. The city officials, recognizing approaching trouble, tripled the regular police force, and added a large number of specials. The freshmen congregated on the campus, and started down the hill to have their feast. When they reached the hall where they were to hold their banquet they were met by four or five hundred sophomores, "townies" and seniors, who proceeded to prevent their entrance to the building.

Potatoes, eggs, stones and what not flew fast and thick. In the melee two of the rushers were seized by the policemen and quickly dragged to the station, where they were locked up. While the multitude were following the officers, trying to effect the escape of the prisoners, the freshmen quietly stole up the stairs and held their spread, after which they indulged in toasts and college songs.

Later the sophomores committed a dastardly trick on the freshmen. Noxios odors filling the air, the hall was emptied. Several men were carried from the building insensible. The freshmen announced that their enemies placed asafoetida in their food and generated chlorine gas about the hall.

A corps of physicians was summoned. Prompt efforts were made to resuscitate the asphyxiated students by the application of ammonia and stimulants. The freshmen are wild with rage, and the banquet was suspended. Several waiters were overpowered and others are almost wild with pain.

The hall is in the possession of the police who are ransacking the corridors and side rooms to find the source of the gas. Miss Jackson, a colored woman who acted as cook for the students, died at 12:20 this morning. She was taken from the hall insensible to the residence of Dr. Lockery, where she expired. The doctors say that she had been subject to heart trouble and weak lungs.

It is now known that the sophomores obtained possession of a side room, and situated a generator of the deadly gas so that it was connected with the banquet hall by means of rubber tubes. Threats of lynching are openly made, one man exclaiming that he would help string up the perpetrators.

MORE TROUBLE IN KANSAS.

The Adjutant General Said to be Off in His Accounts.

Kansas City, Feb. 21.—A special to the Times from Topeka says:

"It was rumored yesterday that an investigation into the affairs of Adjutant General Artz's office was being made, and that there was a probability that the general would be removed.

"Asked for an explanation of the strange proceeding, Gen. Artz said: 'When I returned from Iowa last week, I learned that reports had been circulated to the effect that my books were in bad shape, and that I had appropriated property belonging to the state to my own use. I laid the matter before the governor and asked for an investigation. The stories, I understood, grew out of something Mrs. Lease said. The expert will find my office all right. I have nothing more to say.'

"Governor Lewelling admitted last night that he had ordered the investigation. He declined to say whether or not Gen. Artz had been removed pending the investigation, but it is generally understood that the general is out."

AFTER ADJT.-GEN. ARTZ.

W. T. Baker Will Institute Criminal Proceedings.

Topeka, Kan., Feb. 26.—W. T. Baker, whose voucher was raised from $8 to $80 by Adjt. Gen. Artz, is not inclined to let the matter drop with Artz's resignation. He is afraid the people will say that he was a party to the irregular proceeding. It is said that Baker will institute criminal action against Artz.

TRANSFERRED BACK TO THEM.

The Property Deeded by Governor and Mrs. McKinley.

Cleveland, Feb. 21.—The property which Governor and Mrs. McKinley conveyed to trustees last summer when the governor was forced to make an assignment by the failure of a Youngstown manufacturer for whom he had endorsed notes, has been transferred back to them. This result is due to the efforts of the trustees, Messrs. H. H. Kohlsatt of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, Col. Myron T. Herrick, of Cleveland, and Judge Wm. P. Day, of Canton. When they received the trust, they decided, without consulting the governor, to raise the money with which to meet the governor's obligations. This has been fully done by private subscriptions.

The final papers have been filed in the Probate court at Canton, the property deeded back to Governor and Mrs. McKinley, and the trustees discharged.

SENATOR MORGAN AND HIS REPUBLICAN COLLEAGUES

Made a Powerful Attack on the President's Hawaiian Policy.

Washington, Feb. 26.—Senator Morgan, chairman of the committee on Foreign Relations, to-day presented the report of the investigation of that committee under the following resocommittee on Hawaii:

The report prepared by Senator Morgan is concurred in by Senators Sherman, Frye, Dolph and Davis, the Republican members of the committee, who also make a supplemental report, taking more ground than the

SENATOR MORGAN.
(Chairman Foreign Affairs Committee.)

Morgan report, while Senators Butler, Turpie, Daniel and Gray, Democrats, submit a minority report. These reports, with the testimony taken in the secret investigation, make a bulky document, and are a comprehensive review of the Hawaiian question, made after a thorough investigation.

Senator Morgan, in his report, says that the inquiry related, first, to the conduct of the government, as shown in its official acts and correspondence, and, second, to the conduct of the civil and military officers of the government in the discharge of their public duty and functions. These are matters which do not concern Hawaii at this time. He also says the future policy of this government as to annexation has been taken from the consideration of the committee, except where it is alluded to as an instance of the investigation.

Mr. Morgan lays down the proposition, on the first page of his report, that, "as a government dealing with Hawaii, and with any form of government in that country, the United States can have no separation or break in its line of policy corresponding to any change in the incumbency of the office of President. It is in all respects as much the same government in every right and responsibility as if it had been under the same President during the entire period covered by the recent revolution in Hawaii and the succeeding events."

The President, however, has a right to change his opinion, and a change of policy on the part of one President from that inaugurated by his predecessor, or predecessors, must be regarded simply as a change of mind in the same person. A declaration against monarchy in the islands follows next, the report saying that we exercise at least a moral suzerainty over that country.

"Hawaii," it says, "is an American state, and is embraced in the American commercial-military system. In this attitude of the two governments, Hawaii must be entitled to demand of the United States an indulgent consideration, if not an active sympathy, where she is endeavoring to accomplish what every other civilized state has achieved—the release of her people from the odious anti-republican regime which denies to the people the right to govern themselves, and subordinates them to the supposed divine right of a monarchy, whose title to such divinity originated in the most slavish conditions of pagan barbarity."

Coming to the landing of the troops from the United States steamship Boston, Senator Morgan details the facts of the ten days' cruise in which Minister Stevens had participated, and says that upon the minister's return to the harbor, "a condition of affairs existed in Honolulu which led naturally to the apprehension that violence or civil commotion would ensue, in which the peace and security of American citizens residing in that city would be put in peril, as had been done on three or more separate occasions previously when changes occurred, or were about to occur in the Hawaiian government. Whatever were the real causes then present in Honolulu, the fact is that there was a complete paralysis of executive government in Hawaii. The action of the queen in an effort to overturn the constitution of 1887, to which she had sworn obedience and support, had been accepted and treated by a large and powerful body of the people as a violation of her constitutional obligations, revolutionary in its character and purposes, and that it amounted to an act of abdication on his part, so far as her powers and the rights of the people, under the constitution of 1887, were concerned. This state of opinion, and this state of the executive head of the Hawaiian government neutralized its power to protect American citizens and other foreigners in their treaty rights, and also their rights under the laws of Hawaii.

The report then calls attention to the fact that in landing the troops there was no demonstration, and that in passing the palace they saluted the queen. It adds: "Her attitude at that time was that of helplessness."

Cognizance is taken of the charge that the landing of the troops was intended to overthrow the queen, with the purpose of producing the ultimate annexation of the islands to the United States, but declares and agrees that the purpose of Minister Stevens and Captain Wiltsie were legitimate, and that they acted in good faith and with no motives except that of protecting American citizens and preserving order.

The Minority Report.

The following is the report presenting, in part, the views of the minority of the committee:

"Without denying or conceding, in any manner, the correctness of the facts as claimed, or of the statements as made, in said report, concerning other matters therein mentioned, we especially dissent from that portion thereof which declares that the only substantial irregularity in the conduct of Mr. Stevens, the late minister, was his declaration of a protectorate by the United States over Hawaii. We are of the opinion, also, that there are no valid reasons, and no course of dealing in our past relations with those islands which justifies interference by the United States with the political internal affairs of Hawaii, any more than with those of any other independent state or nation in this hemisphere. We cannot concur, therefore, in so much of the foregoing report as exonerates the minister of the United States (Mr. Stevens) from active officious and unbecoming participation in the events which led to the revolution in the Sandwich islands on the 14th, 15th and 17th of January, 1893.

IT IS THE WORK OF FIENDS.

Agricultural Building at the World's Fair on Fire.

Chicago, Feb. 24.—Fire was discovered in the dome of the agricultural building at the World's Fair grounds this morning, and the flames soon spread to all parts of the roof. A The firemen were well distributed, however, and while several companies were working vigorously in an attempt to stay the fire in the agricultural building, others were detailed to adjoining structures, and volumes of water were thrown upon the flames and endangered parts. An hour after the general alarm was sounded the firemen had accomplished all that was possible, and the blaze was practically extinguished.

Before the firemen had succeeded in their work, however, the building had been ruined.

The gilded statue of Diana was removed about six weeks ago, and so escaped destruction in to-day's blaze.

PRENDERGAST WILL HANG.

The Motion for a New Trial Was Denied.

Chicago, Feb. 24.—Judge Brentano overruled the motion for a new trial for Prendergast, and sentenced the assassin to be hanged on March 23.

When Prendergast was asked what he had to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, he made a lengthy plea for his life. The courtroom was filled when the judge read his decision. Prendergast appeared indifferent for a time, but as the reading proceeded appeared ready to make one of his old-time scenes. Prendergast was ordered to stand up during the reading of the sentence. Judge Brentano said:

"Patrick Eugene Prendergast: It rarely falls to the lot of the court to discharge so painful a duty as devolves upon it in this case.

"You stand at this bar convicted of the crime of murdering a fellow being, and it is incumbent on me to pronounce sentence on you. You have had a fair and impartial trial, and you have been defended by counsel whose zeal and devotion in your behalf merit the highest praise and compel the admiration of the court.

"I do not think that I can fairly be subjected to the criticism that I did not allow you the widest latitude in the presentation of evidence that in any way tended to establish the defense made for you, and you were given the benefits of all presumptions which the law says you are entitled to have.

"Despite all this, you have been found guilty in accordance with the well established principles of law and evidence governing trials of this kind.

"Possibly, a large part of this community would, for the sake of the reputation of this great city, upon whom the eyes of the world were at the time riveted, have been comforted if the verdict of the jury had established the fact that your act was that of a mentally irresponsible person, but the result of the trial denies people that comfort.

"The evidence does not establish that you were acting under an insane delusion which irresistibly impelled you to the commission of an act which you did not discern to be wrong, and over which you had not the power to exercise control.

"The jury has found that when you committed the act you fully understood it and its consequences, and that you might have controlled your actions if you had so willed, and that your own misguided will was the sole impulse to the commission of the deed.

"No imaginary inspiration to do a personal wrong under a delusion or belief that some great public benefit will flow from it, when the nature of the act done and its probable consequences and that the act is in itself wrong are known to the actor, can amount to that insanity which in law disarms it of criminality.

"The solemn and painful duty now devolves upon me to impose the sentence and judgment of the law, which is that you, Patrick Eugene Prendergast, between the hours of 10 o'clock in the forenoon and 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 23d day of March A. D. 1894, in the manner provided by the statute of this state, be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

YOUNG LADY TEACHERS

Should Not Have Chinamen in Their Classes.

Chicago, Feb. 22.—The Anti-Chinese Sunday School society met and formally organized at 2106 Wabash avenue yesterday afternoon. The following resolutions were adopted:

"Whereas, The representatives of the Mongolian race in Chicago are as a rule recruited from the lowest and most degraded castes in China; and

"Whereas, It has become a matter of common occurrence for young, unmarried women to place themselves in the way of contaminating influences by giving their services to foreign Sunday schools where they are required to be in close contact with members of the Mongolian race, be it

"Resolved, That we adopt the following platform:

"1. The Chinese in Chicago should be converted and educated.

"2. Our young women should be protected.

"3. The Chinese should be brought in contact only with men and matrons.

"4. No church should allow the use of any part of its building to a Chinese Sunday school in which young, unmarried women act as teachers.

"Therefore, We aim to secure the adoption of a system which will educate the Chinese without bringing them in contact with our young women."

These resolutions were unanimously adopted, and at the instance of Dr. Carr it was also resolved that the thanks of all Christians are due Mrs. McMurray for the noble work she has done among the Chinese of Chicago.

185,000 PLURALITY

Is About What the Official Figures Will Show for Grow.

Philadelphia, Feb. 23.—Official returns from all but nine of the 67 counties in this state send Grow's plurality up until the unprecendented figure of 180,133 is reached. This is a gain of over 47,000 over the plurality given the Republican candidate for state treasurer, whose vote, it was expected then would stand as the "high water mark" of Republicanism in Pennsylvania for a long time to come.

All of the official returns show Republican gains over the election night estimates; therefore it is fair to assume that the official figures from the nine missing counties will produce increases that will give Grow not less than 185,000 plurality.

Later.—Grow's plurality will be a little over 184,000.

WORK OF THE RESCUERS

Impeded by Another Fall in the Gaylord Mine.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Feb. 27.—There was an extensive fall in the Gaylord mine yesterday, and the work of the rescuers was greatly impeded in consequence. The workers had timely warning of the squeeze, and had no difficulty in making their escape to a place of safety.

The work of clearing the plane was resumed late yesterday afternoon. Superintendent Rosser says he does not anticipate any more falls and the men are expected to make good headway this week in their search for the thirteen unfortunate men.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50 cent bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

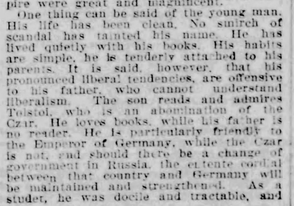
FOREIGN.

THE HEIR OF THE CZAR.

Russia's Future Ruler, the Young Czarewitch, Who May Soon Succeed to the Throne—Reads Tolstoi.

London, Feb. 20.—The giant ruler of a giant nation stands between Europe and Anarchy. Alexander III., who towers a head and shoulders above his people, physically, is looked upon as the last of the Romanoffs, that giant race of Asiatic, whose grasp is on the throne of a nation twice as large as Rome at the height of her power, and numbering now, in its thinly populated and partially developed state, 112,000,000 people. He has been very ill of late, and in consequence there has been great alarm, not only throughout the empire, but all through Europe as well. Who is to succeed him, becomes a question of great moment, for the people of Europe, and may become so for America, should the trade relations grow stronger in the immediate future. With the completion of the great Trans-Siberian railway, stretching almost half way around the globe, with the establishment of a great port on the Pacific, there will develop a new and strange commercial interest in this much secluded nation. Shut off on the west by two doors, the Baltic on the north, and the Black Sea entrance on the south, either of which can be closed by its enemies, this immense nation will, in the near future, have a great port on the Pacific. It will become one of the great commercial cities of the world, with lines of steamships running to Vancouver, San Francisco, Panama and Valparaiso; to Melbourne, Sidney, Calcutta and Yokohama. It will be strange indeed, if this growing, irrepressible nation, does not in a hundred—nay, fifty years, possess all of Asia except what is now held by English authority.

The Czarewitch Nicholas Alexandrowitch, the eldest son of Alexander III., who will be 26 years old on May 19, is the son of



THE CZAREWITCH NICHOLAS ALEXANDROWITCH.

Princess Dagmar, the daughter of King Christian, of Denmark, but who is known as the Empress Marie Fedorowna. Princess Dagmar was sister to Alexandra, the Princess of Wales, and the Duchess of Cumberland, ex-queen of Hanover, and was betrothed to the brother of the present Czar Alexander; when that brother, a promising young man, died in Nice, of consumption, it was his wish that the young princess should marry Alexander. His father, at the birth of the czarewitch, had been emperor for three years, as he succeeded to the throne on the very day of the assassination of his father, Alexander II., "the Liberator," March 13, 1881.

THE CZARINA.

The future ruler was born at Gatchino, amid the rejoicings of a great people. They realize that any failure in the succession means anarchy and war, and when he attained his legal majority (16 years), in 1884, the rejoicings throughout the empire were great and magnificent.

One thing can be said of the young man. His life has been clean. No smirch of scandal has tainted his name. He has lived quietly with his books. His habits are simple, he is tenderly attached to his parents. It is said, however, that his pronounced liberal tendencies, are offensive to his father, who cannot understand liberalism. The son reads and admired Tolstoi, who is an abomination of the Czar. He loves books, while his father is no reader. He is particularly friendly to the Emperor of Germany, while the Czar is not, and should there be a change of government in Russia, the entente cordial between that country and Germany will be maintained and strengthened. As a student, he was docile and tractable, and

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA, FIANCEE OF THE CZAREWITCH.

by his kindness and gentleness he is very popular in the court.

The prospective heir of the czars is always a rich matrimonial prize, and the Czarewitch is no exception. To become Empress of all the Russias, is a dignity that is not hawked about to every small court in Christendom. Rumor has been busy with the association of his name and those of half a dozen princesses; each new rumor setting the tongues of Europe gossiping without limit, over the chances. At one time, it was a Danish princess, at another time it was the Princess Victoria, his cousin, daughter of the Prince of Wales. In fact there is hardly a prominent princess of Europe, with which his name has not been connected. But lately discussion of this subject has settled down without any apparent good reason for it, upon the name of Princess Victoria who is credited with all the charming qualities that surround royalty, and who without any formal announcement of an engagement, is looked upon as the fiancee of the Czarewitch.

END OF THE HONDURAS WAR.

Tegucigalpa Has Surrendered to the Nicaraguans.

Washington, Feb. 24.—Senor Guzman, the minister of Nicaragua to the United States, has received a cablegram to the following effect:

The minister of foreign affairs of Nicaragua—the capital of Honduras (Tegucigalpa) capitulated last night. Publish this cablegram. Our victory puts an end to the war in Honduras. "So," said the minister, smilingly, "Nicaragua came out victorious."

THEY HAVE ADOPTED IT.

The Report for an Increased Duty on Wheat.

Paris, Feb. 22.—The chamber of deputies yesterday adopted the report of the commission accepting the government's proposals by which the increased duty on wheat is fixed at 7 francs instead of at 8 francs, as at first proposed. The vote stood 372 to 171.

GLADSTONE WILL RESIGN.

A Thousand and One Rumors Are Now Flying Around in London—Gladstone Must Submit to an Operation.

London, Feb. 27.—The political world is once more greatly agitated by renewed rumors to the effect that Mr. Gladstone intends to retire from office.

Of course, the frequency with which these reports have been circulated of late has done much to dis-

LORD ROSEBERRY.

count any effect which they might have, but every time a new report concerning Mr. Gladstone's intention to retire from the leadership of the Liberal party is put in circulation, there seems to be a positive panic among his most loyal followers, and a corresponding feeling of encouragement among the enemies of the great English statesman and his policy.

The latest scare news is furnished by the Edinburgh Evening News, which announces upon what is classes as reliable authority, the fact that Mr. Gladstone has resigned the premiership, but, the Evening News adds, he will retain his seat in the Cabinet, and will also continue to represent Midlothian in the House of Commons.

Naturally, this report, apparently based on something more than mere political rumor, has caused the greatest excitement in political circles, and is causing a great and hurried exchange of telegrams between the great leaders and their intimate advisers.

Is Generally Believed.

Strange to say, after so many denials, and after such a number of canards have been put in circulation in connection with the grand old man, the present report that he has actually tendered his resignation, or that he intends to take such action during the present week, is obtaining general credence.

Inquiries made hastily in official circles shortly after the Evening News, of Edinburgh circulated its report, shows that there are many people in official circules who believe that the report is undoubtedly based on fact.

FURTHER STARTLING RUMOR

That Earl Spencer Will be Premier.

London, Feb. 27.—The Evening News, this afternoon, says that the Earl of Roseberry has been offered the premiership, and that he has declined it.

The same paper says that the premiership was later offered to Earl Spencer, first lord of the admiralty, and that he has accepted it.

In conclusion, the Evening News says that Mr. Gladstone's resignation goes into effect at Easter.

ANOTHER BLOODY MASSACRE ON AFRICAN SOIL.

British Officers and Sailors Attacked by Slave Dealers.

London, Feb. 24.—Dispatches received here from the west coast of Africa yesterday announced that there was a rumor in circulation to the effect that a number of British officers and sailors had been killed in an encounter with the slave dealers on the west coast of Africa.

The dispatches of this morning, however, said that the cruiser Raleigh, 24 guns, 5,260 tons, the flagship of the British squadron on that coast commanded by Rear Admiral Frederick, C. D. Bedford, and the first-class screw gunboat Widgeon, 6 guns, 805 tons, commanded by Lieut. Commander William J. Scullard, arrived yesterday at Bathurst, capital of the British West African colony, and the rumor soon spread that the vessels had been badly handled in an encounter with the slavers.

Later it was stated that landing parties from the ships had been ashore in order to punish Chief Fodisilah, a notorious slave dealer, who had been carrying off into bondage and servility some and treating the helpless natives of a number of villages along that part of the coast which he rules over with brutality.

The British sailors are said to have landed in force and to have marched inland where they met with a severe reverse, losing three officers and ten men killed and 40 wounded. Further details of the disaster to the sailors leaked out this afternoon. It appears that the force of British blue-jackets which landed near Bathurst, was composed of men from the flagship Raleigh and from the gunboat Widgeon.

Admiral Bedford, in his dispatch, said that the landing force was under the command of Capt. Edward H. Gamble, and that the carriers, by their desertion, caused the loss of all the spare ammunition taken ashore for the use of the landing parties, and that, in addition, the carriers caused the loss of all the water supply which had been taken inland.

Continuing, Admiral Bedford reported that the sailors, upon reaching signs of a native habitation, pushed forward and captured two villages which were defended by stockades.

The sailors occupied these two villages throughout the following night, placing the machine guns at points of vantage and thus making themselves practically secure from attack.

But the loss of the water supply and spare ammunition made Captain Gamble decide to return to the shore with the intention of re-embarking his force. This movement was commenced early the next morning, and the column was on its way back when the sailors were suddenly attacked on all sides. The fire, which was directed upon the sailors, was so severe, and the sailors were so well concealed in the bush that the blue jackets fell on all sides and began to retreat hastily, while carrying their wounded and dead along with them so far as possible.

KILLED SEVEN HUNDRED MEN

At the Battle Near Rio de Janeiro—Assisting Admiral De Gama.

Rio de Janeiro, Feb. 21.—The Armacao batteries, which were destroyed by the rebels during the battle of February 9, when the government lost, as it now appears, over 700 men, have been restored.

During the continued disability of Admiral Da Gama, Alevandrino de Alencal has been in command while awaiting the return of Admiral de Mello, who is still said to have reached here on board the Republica.

The rebel force is now said to have been reduced to 500 men, and a number of these are more or less severely wounded. It is not believed to be possible for the rebels to undertake any further operations on land until the fleet is strongly reinforced.

An Indian Mission Burned.

Victoria, B. C., Feb. 24.—Information has just reached here that the Indian mission school at Neah Bay burned last night, and that several Indian children lost their lives. No particulars have been received.

Ambassador Bayard Denies.

London, Feb. 27.—The Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, the United States ambassador to the court of St. James, emphatically denies the report that he intends to tender his resignation.

A New Book for Blade Subscribers

—THE—

"NASBY LETTERS"

Since the death of Mr. D. R. Locke, five years ago, there has been a demand from all parts of the United States for a reprint of the "Nasby Letters," in book form, suitable for preservation. But few of these letters have ever been embodied in volumes, and those were the earlier numbers, written 25 or more years ago.

At a very great expense of time and money, we have collected all of the Nasby Letters ever written. This has been a huge task, as copies of these letters were never preserved except in files of the Toledo Blade, in whose columns they were published.

From them we have eliminated such letters as pertained to local or unimportant and forgotten topics—publishing, however, every number which is of interest to the general public. The entire collection makes one large volume of over 500 pages.

This volume therefore gives practically all of the "Nasby Letters" ever written and published in the Toledo Blade during the entire period from Mr. Locke's first connection with the paper until his death. It is set in plain, readable type, giving a large amount of matter on each page, and contains over 500 pages. There is matter enough in this book for a thousand pages, were it set in the ordinary type, like that used in "Nasby in Exile," but, owing to the immense amount in these letters, we have endeavored to make it very compact, and still have it in easily readable form.

As stated before, this is the first and only publication of the bulk of the Nasby Letters in book form. As this matter is all copyrighted, it never can be published by any one else.

Why This Book is Published.

Notwithstanding the enormous demand for this publication from all parts of the Union, from those who are not subscribers to the Weekly Blade as well as from those who are, we wish it distinctly understood that we are not publishing this book for sale or profit. We have determined never to sell a copy for cash, and never to any one, except in connection with the Weekly Blade.

The readers of the Toledo Blade are those who will best appreciate the volume, and we believe every one of them will want a copy. We are therefore determined to present one copy of this book to each and every subscriber to the Toledo Weekly Blade.

The Blade has a permanent subscription list far in excess of 100,000 copies. We estimate that there 125,000 people in the United States who are our regular subscribers year after year. We are quite sure that every one of these subscribers will want a copy of the "Nasby Letters." Then we estimate that 25,000 more will join the Blade's ranks for the purpose of obtaining a copy. Therefore we are making preparations to give away 150,000 copies.

Now, this book, if we were to retail it, could not be sold for less than one dollar including payment of postage. The cost of setting up in type, making the stereotype plates, and otherwise getting it ready for the press, is quite a large sum; and we estimate that within one year from this announcement the entire cost of presenting these books to our subscribers will be, in cash, fully $100,000.

Few people can realize the magnitude of this task, and owing to the rapidity with which we shall have to mail the books to our subscribers, we shall be obliged to deviate somewhat from our usual plan of receiving orders.

Here is Our Plan of Distribution.

First—The book will be presented to YEARLY subscribers to the Toledo Weekly Blade only. Every subscriber, on renewing his subscription, who sends us ONE DOLLAR, will have his term of subscription extended ONE YEAR, and he will have a copy of the "Nasby Letters" sent to his address, postpaid.

Under all of our former premium offers in connection with the Weekly Blade, we do not wish our subscribers to remit a long time in advance of the expiration of their present subscriptions. We want to take care of each month by itself. For instance:

A few weeks previous to expiration each subscriber will receive a postal card, which card, if returned, with one dollar for their renewal, will be a due-bill for a free copy of the book, the "Nasby Letters."

Owing to the large number of names whose terms will expire each month, we shall be unable to take care of any other orders excepting a renewal of the subscriptions expiring that month. Of course, new subscribers may come in at any time; but we prefer that those whose time expires in later months should hold back their orders until their proper month arrives.

Then, again, it is very important that each subscriber shall take advantage of the due-bill sent, and send in his renewal at the proper time—not getting the idea that he can be taken care of later.

These postal card due-bills will be sent out during the month previous, and renewals and remittances may be sent any time after receiving the due-bill; but take care and do not wait until your subscription has expired, or until the month in which the expiration occurs has gone by. One month later we will have all we can do to take care of that month's orders, without taking care of orders belonging to the previous month.

The "Nasby Letters."

Do not confuse this title with the book, "Nasby in Exile," which we have been giving to our subscribers for the past 15 months. "Nasby in Exile" is practically out of print.

The "Nasby Letters" is a NEW book, printed from our own plates, and we are printing and binding 500 to 1,000 copies daily.

Subscribers whose time expires in any given month will send in their orders for renewals at least two weeks before their time is out and have their time extended at once on the Weekly Blade for one year. The books will be mailed just as soon as they are ready, and we shall take care to see that they are mailed in the same order as they are received.

Tell All Your Friends.

Will our subscribers please tell their friends of this offer? We feel quite certain that this announcement will obtain a large number of subscribers to the Weekly Blade from all parts of the country. Thousands of non-subscribers will willingly send $1 for The Blade a year, because they want the book. After reading The Blade a year they will become permanent subscribers. We ask as a favor that every present subscriber call attention to this announcement to at least one friend or neighbor who does not take the Weekly Blade. Will you kindly do this much for us?

No matter when your subscription expires, you shall then have an opportunity to get one of these books. Therefore, wait until a week or two before your subscription expires, or until you receive a postal card due-bill. We shall try to take care of each month's explanations in order, but it would be simply impossible to take care of orders from our subscribers at random. Therefore do not order until just before your time expires.

The remittance must always be one dollar, in net current funds, for the Weekly Blade one year. Do not send checks on country banks, nor postage stamps. Remit by draft on New York, Chicago, or Toledo, money order, express order, or currency by registered mail. Address

"THE BLADE,"
Toledo, Ohio.

Some of the Contents:

There are hundreds of the Nasby letters contained in this volume, embracing everything of importance in that line ever written by "Petroleum V." Nasby. Here are some of the features of the book, but only a few among the vast number:

How the Nasby Letters Came to be Written.
The First Nasby Letter.
Mr. Nasby Starts a Church.
A Confession of Faith.
Interview With President Lincoln.
The Wise

WASHINGTON.

THE POPULIST SENATORS

Have the Fate of the Wilson Tariff Bill in Their Hands.

Washington, Feb. 23.—The attitude of Senators Allen, of Nebraska, Kyle, South Dakota, and Peffer, of Kansas, on the tariff bill when it comes up for consideration before the Senate is looked forward to with considerable interest by the Republicans of that body. The statement has been made recently and on good authority that Senators Murphy and Hill, of New York, and Smith, of New Jersey, have pledged themselves to oppose the tariff bill unless certain modifications and changes can be had in the bill when it comes to the Senate, that the subcommittee of the Senate finance committee have persistently and obstinately refused to make. A majority of the members of that body is 43.

The Number of Senators.

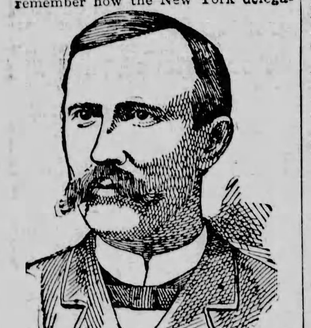
The membership of the Senate is composed of 38 Republicans, 44 Democrats and three Populists. It is well known that the Populists intend to antagonize the bill unless alterations

SENATOR PEFFER.

are made to suit their respective states. There is little doubt that the Democrats of the Senate under the lead of Mr. Voorhees will be willing to permit many changes in the bill after it is reported to that body. This determination on the part of the Populist senators has been brought about by the enormous pressure of their constituents. This is also the case with the two New York senators.

SENATOR ALLEN.

The fate of the tariff bill, therefore, hinges upon the action of the Populists in the Senate. The three Populist votes, the votes of the two senators from New York, and the 38 Republican votes would be sufficient to defeat the tariff bill. This would make a total of exactly enough to accomplish the object. There really seems, however, little probability that the Populists and New York senators will remain firm in their determination to oppose the tariff bill to the last, unless these modifications are made. The Republicans of the Senate remember how the New York delega-



SENATOR KYLE.

tion at the House end of the Capitol denounced the Wilson bill in bitter and vindictive terms and then on the final vote fell into line and supported it. For this reason they have concluded to try a different plan.

The Republican Tactics.

It is the intention of the Republican leaders now, as soon as the bill is introduced, to make a motion to recommit it to the Senate finance committee with instructions to give hearings. It is generally believed by the Republican members that if such a motion is made it will be successful. The Republican members will vote solidly for such a motion, and it is believed it would command enough strength on the Democratic side to permit its passage. Senators Hill and Murphy, of New York, have publicly pledged themselves to vote for such a motion. This is also the case with the three Populists above mentioned. This intention on the part of the Republican members of the Senate has caused Chairman Voorhees no little anxiety.

The developments in the Senate during the next few days are looked forward to with great interest both by the Republican and Democratic senators of that body. The intention of the Republican members is to oppose the tariff bill in every way possible. They intend to offer innumerable amendments and to demand a vote upon each of them. If this plan is carried out there is every reason to believe that the tariff bill will not get through the Senate before the middle of June and possibly later.

IMPORTANT PENSION DECISIONS

Were Rendered on the 22d by Assistant Secretary Reynolds

Washington, Feb. 23.—Several decisions of considerable importance to pensioners has been rendered by Assistant Secretary of the Interior Reynolds. He holds that the government may reimburse itself for money fraudulently obtained and erroneously paid on a pension under the old law, from the pension granted under the act of June 27, 1890. The case decided was that of Joseph W. Rogers, who was pensioned under the general law at $16 a month for disease of the eyes, but whose name was dropped from the rolls because the disability existed before enlistment.

In the case of Oliver P. Pierce, who alleged he was taken sick in field hospital at Atlanta in July, 1864, and later that heart trouble was caused by his becoming overheated in July, 1865, the department overrules a former decision in a similar case. It is held that where an affidavit explaining or amending an original declaration is filed which is germane to the original and properly explains the mistakes or discrepancies, it will be accepted as a part of the original declaration.

DEMOCRATIC LEGISLATION.

Bill to Permit States to Tax U. S. Notes and Currency.

Washington, Feb. 23.—Notice was given at the meeting of the House committee on Banking and Currency to-day that the sub-committee which has in charge the bill of Representative Cooper, of Indiana, to permit states and territories to tax United States notes and currency, will report the bill favorably.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Washington, Feb. 20.—To-day was spent in the House in securing a quorum. But the deadlock remained unbroken. A number of Republican members who had been arrested were arraigned before the House. The arrest of all absent members was ordered and the House adjourned. No business of importance was transacted in the Senate.

Washington, Feb. 21.—Mr. Bland again failed to secure a quorum to-day on his motion and after four hours of fruitless roll calls, the House adjourned. The highest number of votes polled to-day was 170, nine short of a quorum. The members who have been arrested, about twenty in number, were paroled until to-morrow and will be arraigned as soon as the House meets. An effort was made to adjourn over to-morrow, Washington's birthday, but Mr. Bland insisted that if the Democrats of the House could not do business it was not proper to flitter away time on holidays, and his supporters sustained him. The Senate transacted no business of importance, but a sharp controversy arose over Senator Mills's position in place of Senator McPherson on the finance committee. Senator White, of California, then spoke on the tariff question.

Washington, Feb. 23.—Amos J. Cummings and Gen. Daniel E. Sickles the one-legged hero of Gettysburg, made things lively in the House yesterday. They bitterly denounced the attempt of the sergeant-at-arms to arrest them on the floor of the House. No business was transacted except a general disorderly discussion on the actions of the sergeant-at-arms.

In the Senate the principal event of interest was the reading of Washington's Farewell Address, by Senator Martin, of Kansas.

Washington, Feb. 25.—The time of the House yesterday was spent in a fruitless effort to get a quorum on the Bland bill. The Senate was not in session.

Washington, Feb. 26.—Mr. Bland could not muster a quorum on his motion to take up the seigniorage bill, and the time of the House was occupied in fruitless roll calls on Saturday. The Senate was not in session.

Congress Yesterday.

Washington, Feb. 27.—The proceedings in the House yesterday were full of exciting incidents. Mr. Bland, being unable to secure a quorum, concluded to allow the debate on the bill to proceed, at the same time declaring that he would return to the assault to-day. Two sensational speeches followed, one by Mr. Pence (Col.), who denounced the Republicans for submitting to the crack of ex-Speaker Reed's whip, and warned him if the election of President Cleveland thrown in to the House in 1896 he would rue his filibustering course; and the other by Mr. Pithian (Ill.), who condemned in the severest terms the action of his Democratic colleagues who were taking part in the filibuster. Toward the close of the session Mr. Pence's reflections on Messrs. Pickler and Ellis (Ore.) drew forth from them the statement which Mr. Pence characterized as "absolutely untrue." He was twice called to order and the House by a vote refused to allow him to proceed.

CERTIFICATES FOR IMMIGRANTS

From the American Consul at the Place Where They Sail From.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 21.—The recent report of the Treasury Department showing the enormous amount of foreign population in this country and also the large percentage of foreigners who have become public charge since their arrival in this country has caused considerable interest in a bill introduced by Congressman Wm. A. Stone, of Pennsylvania, providing for the inspection of emigrants by United States consuls before they are permitted to sail for the United States. The object of the bill is to prevent the criminals and paupers of Europe from being admitted into this country as emigrants. Statistics show that much too large a proportion of the emigrants now coming here are incapable of self support.

According to the last census the per cent. of persons born in foreign countries is 14.77, and yet this census shows that 22 per cent. of the white prisoners confined in jail and simple prison are persons of foreign birth.

In a conversation upon this subject Congressman Stone said to your correspondent: "The object and intention of this bill is to prevent all foreigners who are in any way disqualified from earning a livelihood from securing passage to this country. The necessity for more stringent laws in regard to emigration is readily seen, when it is remembered that the total number of white convicts in our penetentaries whose birthplace is known is 28,440, composed of 13,715 native born and 12,725 foreign born, showing that more than one-half of all our white convicts are of foreign birth.

This is the more significant when the fact is known that only about one-eighth of our population is foreigners. Our benevolent institutions to-day contain 669,962 inmates, according to the last census, counting all white persons born in this country and born in all foreign countries, of which the foreign born compose 24 per cent. This is the more strengthened in regard to our poorhouses. The total number of white inmates of our poorhouses, according to the last census, is 53,696, of which number 27,648 were born in foreign countries or a little over 51 per cent. These statistics show that with a foreign population of 14.77 per cent. more than half of our white penitentiary convicts and more than one-half of the white inmates of our poorhouses are foreigners, and prove that of the emigrants coming here during the past few years too many of them are deficient in morals and are incapable physically of self-support.

WROTE A HOT LETTER

About His Attitude on the Russian Thistle Question.

Washington, Feb. 22.—Secretary of Agriculture Morton has written a letter to Representative Sibley, of Pennsylvania, which furnishes another chapter in the sharp controversy going on of late over the extermination of Russian thistles. Mr. Morton encloses a letter he wrote to Gov. Shortridge, of North Dakota, in which the following language occurs:

"No one more than myself appreciates the importance of exterminating this and other noxious weeds which infest the farms of the United States, but I do not think it business for the government to destroy weeds for the people any more than it is to raise wheat for them or to cut corn, or by appropriations from the public funds. Having given lands to the homesteaders, it seems that an intelligent self-interest on the part of all the donatees should inspire them to so cultivate land as to bring the highest possible price for the labor bestowed in that cultivation. The law of self-preservation ought to make zealous every farmer in the Dakotas, Nebraska and Kansas to apply with might and main every means at his command for either untilizing or exterminating the Russian thistle. But federal legislation can neither exterminate weeds, by statute, nor by attempting to invest powers in others, which, in the minds of many, do not pertain to itself."

TO INVESTIGATE JUDGES

Who Have Issued Injunctions in Railroad Cases.

Washington, Feb. 27.—Resolutions were presented to the House this afternoon by Representative Somers, of Wisconsin, to investigate the action of several United States judges who have issued injunction suits in railroad cases, most prominent among them Justice Brewer, of the Supreme court. They include also United States Judge Taft, Judge Ricks, of Ohio,; Judge Pardee, of Texas; Judge Beatty, of Idaho, and Judge Dundy, of Nebraska.

Decisions in Pension Cases.

Washington, Feb. 26.—Commissioner of Patents Seymour has issued a circular announcing that hereafter on Wednesdays he or the assistant commissioner will give oral hearings on questions of classification of applications or patents, to examiners whose divisions may be involved. No written statements on these questions will be received.

Women full of Pains

Aches and weaknesses, find in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER instant and grateful relief. In ONE MINUTE it relieves aching sides and back, hip, kidney and uterine pains, strains and weaknesses, rheumatic, sciatic, sharp and nervous pains, coughs, colds and chest pains. Odorous with balsam, spice and pine, it is the sweetest, surest, safest and best plaster.

Price: 25c.; five, $1.00. At all druggists or by mail. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

CALLED THEM ANARCHISTS.

Most Exciting Scene in the House Known for Years.

Washington, Feb. 23.—Mr. Bland this afternoon denounced the New York delegation in heated words in the House. He was several times called to order by Representative Coombs, of New York. The House in consequence is in an uproar.

Mr. Bland's speech was sensational in its criticism of the disorder which reigned in the House yesterday. He declared that the men who are obstructing legislation and defying the

R. P. BLAND.

House were anarchists and revolutionists. They were worse than the criminal who would throw dynamite bombs from the galleries.

There were hisses at this statement, which grew louder and culminated in cries of "Shame!"

Mr. Bland continued in his impassioned utterance. He said mobocracy had taken possession of the House. The mobison of anarchy was being given an object lesson. The anarchist was being invited to parade the streets and commit his deeds of violence. Mr. Bland proceeded with frequent characterization of those members who had obstructed legislation as "anarchists," "revolutionists."

As Mr. Bland spoke there were alternate scenes of extreme confusion and of silent astonishment. Seldom or never in the memory of veteran members had such violent characterization of the members of the House been heard. Mr. Bland was frequently called to order, and he was compelled to take his seat and then allowed to proceed. While he spoke the aisles of the House were choked with members, and the galleries were filled to overflowing. Mr. Bland was frequently applauded in his milder criticisms, but there was silence at his more violent utterances.

ANOTHER HOT SPEECH

Made by Senator Brice in the Caucus To-Day.

Washington, Feb. 27.—The Democratic Senatorial caucus was the scene to-day of another spirited speech by Senator Brice, made in reply to speeches by members of the finance committee, in which one of them, presumably Senator Vest, had said that what concessions had been made had been made at the point of the bayonet.

Mr. Brice said that apparently they had undertaken to catch two Senators from Louisiana with a sugar bait, and had made arrangements for other votes by making concessions on a few other articles.

If these additions were to be made, and another wise ideal bill made to fit the regions west of the Mississippi to catch these votes, Mr. Price wanted to know what was to be done to hold the support of the senators from the East represented by himself and senators from New York and New Jersey, and he said that if many interests of those great states could not be given consideration he saw no course open to those senators but to arm themselves with bayonets and pursue the course of their more successful colleagues.

The only definite action of the forenoon session consisted in a decision to place machinery for cotton manufacturing upon the free list. This concession was granted at the request of the Mississippi Senators.

MR. BOUTELLE'S RESOLUTION,

Which Demands the Recall of Minister Willis.

Washington, Feb. 27.—The resolution introduced in the House yesterday by Mr. Boutelle for the recall of Minister Willis from Hawaii recites the antipathy the United States has always expressed to intervention by a foreign minister in its domestic affairs and the propriety of not enforcing upon a weak power what we object to from a strong power.

It cites the praiseworthy forebearance of the Hawaiian government toward Mr. Willis and the specialties of commerce and kindred that bind the United States to those islands and concludes that it is the sense of this House that most sacred obligations of good faith, the highest mutual interests of the United States and the friendly government of Hawaii; the plainest dictates of international comity and the imperative duty of avoiding further risk of complicity in the incitement of disorder and possible bloodshed in Hawaii require that the present United States minister to the Hawaiian government be immediately recalled and superseded by another minister who will not be hampered by the lamentable incidents of the recent past and who will be able and willing to represent sincere desire of the people of the United States to cultivate to the fullest extent the friendship which has so long subsisted between us and constantly endeavors to advance the interest and prosperity of both governments."

THE SICKLES CASE.

Decision of Comptroller Mansur About the Double Salary.

Washington, Feb. 24.—Second Comptroller Mansur, of the Treasury Department, to-day decided the case of Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, the question being his right to draw salary both as a member of Congress and as a retired officer. After a long opinion the comptroller says: "In conclusion I sum up the status of a retired army officer to be as follows, to wit: He may hold under any civil office under the government save and except those of a senator or member of the House of Representatives which by the constitution are inhibited to him, or to any officer, civil or military, under the United States; that he can draw his pay as a retired officer, and also draw the salary or compensation of any civil office or employment he may hold under the government; assuming always that the duties of the civil office are performed under and by virtue of a commission appointing him to that office, which he holds in addition to his rank as a retired officer."

The effect of the decision is that Congress may by swearing in General Sickles when it knew by the common report that he was an army officer on the retired list has decided that he can be a member of Congress at the same time that he is a retired officer.

IN THE LONG CASE.

Arguments Were Made Yesterday in Washington.

Washington, Feb. 21.—The arguments in the pension case of Judge Long, of Michigan, against Commissioner of Pensions Lochren, were concluded yesterday in the Equity court. The judge reserved his decision.

Attorney Hopkins made the concluding argument, dwelling on the extent of the disabilities of Judge Long. It is a sad and humiliating spectacle, he said, to see the head of an important bureau of one of the government departments (Commissioner Lochren) and a high official of the department of Justice (Mr. Whitney) persecuting a maimed and crippled veteran.

MR. PENCE APOLOGIZES.

Said He Was Misquoted by the Press Reports.

Washington, Feb. 27.—In his prayer this morning Chaplain Bagby referred feelingly to the illness of Mr. Wilson, chairman of the ways and means committee who is reported in a critical condition in Mexico. "We bring to Thee, our Father, in our morning petitions, the afflictions of our brother, Thy servant, who, worn out by the unceasing labors of the session is seeking health in a distant place. Oh, God, if it be Thy will, restore him speedily to his accustomed vigor and bring him again to the halls of legislation, that we may have the benefit of his counsels and the joy of his presence."

Immediately after the reading of the journal Mr. Pence, of Colorado, rose to a personal explanation. "When the House adjourned last night," said he, "it had refused on motion, to permit him to proceed with an explanation he was making. When he arose this morning he was amazed to find in a newspaper an erroneous statement of his remarks which he understood had been sent to a number of papers by the United Press news agency."

He sent to the clerk's desk and had read this statement which made him say that he charged Mr. Hainer with being fuller of beer than comprehension of ideas. What he had said was: "Fuller of beard than of ideas." He had immediately written a letter of apology which he sent to the clerk's desk and had read. Acting under the advice of friends whom he knew to be wise and experienced in such matters he said he thought he owed a more explicit apology to the gentleman from Nebraska. What he had said was said in the heat of the debate following a direct charge that he had said he desired to see this bill defeated.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

May be Turned Over to the Sons of the Revolution.

Washington. Feb. 27.—It is very probable that the government will soon transfer to the Sons of the American Revolution, or some kindred patriotic society the privilege of maintaining the beacon light on the statue of Liberty in New York harbor. The light house board, from whose appropriations this light has been maintained, some time ago strongly protested to the secretary of the treasury against this yearly expense of $10,000 being taken from their already insufficient appropriation, and recommend that as the light from a practical point of view was useless it should be discontinued. It was then that a number of the patriotic societies of New York proposed to relieve the government from this expense and asked that they be given control of the statue on condition that they maintain the light. This will likely soon be done. It is said by persons who are in a position to know, that already the statue shows alarming signs of dissolution.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL QUESTION.

Senator Morgan's Bill Will Now be Considered.

Washington, Feb. 26.—It is the purpose of the Senate committee on Foreign Relations to take up Senator Morgan's bill for the reorganization of the Nicaragua canal, during the present session. Senators Morgan and Frye are both known to be anxious to promote this enterprise. It is understood that the President is convinced of the importance of the canal, and that Secretary Gresham is also in accord with Senator Morgan on this subject.

The publication of the testimony taken by this commission in the Hawaiian investigation contains many allusions to the canal, brought out by questions asked by these Senators to demonstrate the importance of controlling the islands in case the canal should be built, and to show the dependence of one interest on the other.

STEEL MACKAYE DEAD.

The End Came on a Santa Fe Train in Colorado.

La Junta, Colo., Feb. 26.—Steele Mackaye died on a Santa Fe train in Colorado, yesterday.

Mr. Mackaye was supposed to be suffering from nervous exhaustion, caused by overwork, and was on his way to San Diego, Cal. He was feeling quite badly when he arrived here, and the car was detached and left here until 7:30 yesterday morning, when the party started south, as Mr. Mackaye seemed to be resting easier. He rapidly grew worse, and died before the train reached the next station. He was conscious to the last, and bade all those around him good bye, and said they had done all they could for him.

Some of the best physicians in Chicago had examined him, and all decided that his ailment was nervous exhaustion, except one, who declared it to be a cancer.

The deceased weighed about 220 pounds, and was 51 years old. He leaves a widow and six children—five boys and one girl, all grown.

WORK OF WILSON'S BILL.

Thousands of Men Will be Idle in Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 27.—Flint bottle manufacturers are restricting the production, owing to wage changes, contingent on the passage of the Wilson bill. Tibley Bros. have stopped one furnace at their Sharpsburg works, throwing out 75 men. The Bellaire Bottle company have also shut their factories down, throwing 300 men idle. It is the desire of the manufacturers not to stock up.

The Wormser Glass company is preparing to start one furnace.

President John P. Eberhart yesterday received word from the West that four Indiana factories have closed down indefinitely. This makes about eight that have closed down within two weeks. The only reason assigned is scarcity of orders.

CAUGHT IT FROM A HORSE.

Mrs. Sophia Beresford Died Yesterday of Glanders.

San Francisco, Feb. 21.—Mrs. Sophia Beresford, wife of a prosperous drayman, died last night of glanders. Four weeks ago the woman's husband unwittingly purchased a diseased horse for the family to drive. A few days later, while Mrs. Beresford was standing near the horse's head, the animal sneezed in her face. Soon afterward she was stricken with pain and pains and swelling of the forehead. She finally became so bad that she was removed to the hospital, and there the true nature of the disease was discovered. The whole upper portion of the woman's face was eaten away by the dread disease. The husband and children have also been exposed, and their condition is being closely watched. The health authorities killed the horse, and will cause the arrest of the traders who sold it to Beresford at a price that was ridiculously low.

TO SING SING HE MUST GO.

John Y. McKane Gets Cold Comfort From Justice Cullen.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 26.—Judge Cullen has denied the application of John Y. McKane for a certificate of reasonable doubt.

The decision vacates the stay of execution, and McKane, pending an appeal to the general term, must go to Sing Sing.

The decision of Judge Cullen, denying John Y. McKane certificate of reasonable doubt, removes apparently his last chance of remaining outside of Sing Sing prison. It is understood that he will be sent there promptly to begin his six years' sentence.

His only recourse is an application to other judges of the Supreme court for a stay, but it is not known that any of them will see fit to interfere. His proposed appeal to the Court of Appeals will not keep him out of jail. In the absence of a stay a decision in the case may be delayed for a long time.

THE REPORT VERIFIED

Of the Rich Gold Discovery in Gillespie County, Texas.

San Antonio, Tex., Feb. 26.—The rich gold discovery in Gillespie county, near Fredericksburg, has been verified. The find was made on the ranch of Dr. Chris. Althous, a mineralogist of considerable repute.

A sample of the ore sent to New Orleans for examination resulted: Description of ore quartz, gold, per ton, 67 ounces, $1,072; silver, per ton, 80 ounces, $80.

A MOB OF UNEMPLOYED.

They Demand Relief From the Legislature at Boston.

Boston, Feb. 21.—The most serious demonstration yet made by the unemployed nearly culminated in a riot on Boston Commons in front of the state house yesterday afternoon. Five thousand men, hungry, ragged and ugly, crowded into the state house and the adjoining grounds and vociferously demanded immediate aid for their distress.

The governor addressed the mob from the steps of the state house, and was quietly received and even applauded, although he made no satisfactory answer to their requests. An attempt was then made by the leaders of the demonstration to get a petition before the legislature, which was then in session, but the rules precluded this and then things began to look serious.

The rotunda was packed with a crowd of men who were waiting to hear the result of their leaders' efforts to present their grievances to the assembled solons, and when Morrison L. Swift, an avowed anarchist, and the spokesman of the mob, appeared in one of the balconies and told them that the legislature had refused to accept their petitions, they broke into yells of derision and hisses of contempt.

Swift leaned over the balcony railing, and launched forth into an impassioned tirade against the legislators, who, he said, were too busy creating corporations to listen to the voices of the starving men. His voice shook with emotion, as he denounced the treatment the men had received, and his ominous threats to clean out the state-house were received with hoarse shouts of approval.

The brass buttoned officials and doorkeepers seemed paralyzed with fear, and Gov. Greenhalge, who but a few moments before was mingling with the mob, wisely retired to the legislative chamber. The few policemen who had been detailed to take care of the crowd were powerless, and the police wagons from the near stations came flying through the streets leading to Beacon Hill, loaded with bluecoats, and soon there were 100 policemen on the scene.

An officer was quick to apprehend the situation, and placing his hand upon Swift's shoulder warned him of the danger.

Swift stopped speaking, and the already furious crowd below mistook the action for an arrest, and rent the air with curses and execrations upon the police. They swayed back and forth, and it seemed as if violence was to be used, but the speaker quickly assured his followers of the real state of affairs, and the excitement subsided. The agitators then had to be satisfied with a talk with some individual members and that quieted them considerably.

Meanwhile the House of Representatives had remained in session, and upon the advice of some of the long-headed members, considered the petition from the mob. It was decided to appoint a committee of seven to meet representatives of the unemployed to consider ways and means for their relief. Speaker Meyer, of the House, sent a message to the crowd apprising it of this decision and it appeased the crowd greatly. A special detachment of police arrived at the side entrance of the state house. They entered and began forcing the mob slowly towards the big front doors. Clubs were drawn and the disgruntled crowd gave way. Then there was an uproar, and many of the desperate members urged an attack upon the legislature, but those more sensible prevailed and the crowd slowly retreated.

The Crowd Slowly Retreated.

The police forced the crowd steadily back, but just outside the gate the disappointed workmen refused to move further. Finally the captains of the various police divisions held a hurried consultation and decided to drive them still further back.

The crowd slowly retreated across Beacon street, and finally halted in the Common. No attempt was made to take another stand and the men slowly disbanded.

The incidents preceding the outbreak in the rotunda were rather ominous. The crowd assembled on the Common early in the afternoon to the number of 3,000, which soon swelled to 5,000. A couple of hours were occupied by a half dozen speakers, all of them local labor leaders, and then the crowd adjourned to the state house.

A committee was appointed to see Governor Greenhalge and present to him a petition asking him to formulate and put in operation some plan to alleviate their sufferings.

They also asked for state farm and factories where the unemployed might work and to appoint a permanent commission to attend to the wants of the permanent class of unemployed. His excellency read the petition, and then went out and addressed the assembled crowd. He expressed sympathy for them and told them just what he could and could not do for them. His talk gave them no satisfaction and some hissed, but the majority applauded his remarks.

The petition to the legislature, after reciting their troubles, asked the state to commence operations on the proposed Cape Cod canal, to establish the commission mentioned, and to provide for state farms and factories. When informed of the legislature's action, leader Swift, of the unemployed, withdrew from the state house and announced the result to the unemployed. No comments were made and the crowd quietly dispersed.

TERRIBLE SCENE AT VINELAND.

Disastrous Fire in the Home for the Feeble-Minded.

Vineland, N. J., Feb. 26.—Two lives were lost and a score placed in imminent peril by a fire which consumed a portion of the State Home for Feeble Minded Children, at this place, yesterday. The victims were J. H. Sage, the engineer of the institution, and his wife, who acted as laundress. The fire was discovered in the basement of the handsome three-story brick structure known as the "Robinson Memorial cottage."

Sixteen helpless and well-nigh idiotic children slept on the lower floors, and for a time it seemed as if nothing short of a miracle could possibly save them. The little ones, all unaware of the terrible fate which threatened them, slept the sleep of the innocent, while the deadly flames and stifling smoke crept nearer and nearer to them.

In the upper floors were about the same number of adults ,all of whom were in like danger.

Just at the critical moment help came, and a dozen brave men, headed by Augustus Speer, a stage driver, broke down the doors and rushed into the burning building, rescuing the children at the imminent risk of their own lives, and carrying to a place of safety, through the bitter cold winds, the women who had slept in the upper floors. It was thought that all had been saved, when the white and terror-stricken faces of Sage and his wife appeared at a window on the third floor, and their voices were heard crying piteously for help.

Just as help was about to come, and at a time when it seemed as if they would surely be saved, both disappeared from the window and were seen no more. The flames swept on, completely gutting the building.

Yesterday afternoon the bodies of the unfortunates were found at the foot of the stairway, burned to a crisp, indicating that they had tried that means of escape, only to rush to certain death.

Loss on building and contents, $20,000. The cause of the fire is a mystery.

AN ENTIRE HERD OF BUFFALOS

Slaughtered by Hunters at Yellowstone Park.

Boise, Idaho, Feb. 23.—News has been received here that a party of hunters have slaughtered an entire herd of buffalo in Yellowstone park. The animals were chased into deep snow and shot down. The object was to secure the heads which command a high price.

As the three hunters were preparing to bring away the heads they were arrested by a company of soldiers who placed them in the guardhouse at Mammoth Hot Springs. Captain Anderson is awaiting instructions respecting the case.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!

To know that a single application of the Cuticura Remedies will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep and point to a speedy and economical cure of torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning and scaly humors, and not to use them without a moment's delay is to fail in your duty. Cures made in childhood are speedy, economical and permanent.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston.

"How to Cure Skin Diseases," free.

LIKE AN ANCIENT FAIRY TALE.

Story of Two Drummers in Kentucky.

Barboursville, Ky., Feb. 24.—Two drummers, Alf Hill, of Chicago, and Tom Johnson, of Baltimore, stopped here on their return from an extended trip through the back mountain counties, and tell a most singular story of their wanderings, which is generally credited here. While out in this picturesque country they decided to take a day off and go hunting. Everything went well until they had started on their return to the little mountain village, when they missed the road and became lost in the mountains.

While wandering hopelessly about they ran into a body of mountaineers. They were promptly arrested, and, after a conference on the part of the mountain people, they were blindfolded. After what seemed to them an all day's tramp, the blinds were suddenly removed, and they found themselves in a cave lighted by lamps. About 30 rough men and women surrounded them. They were asked many questions about their business, and, after they succeeded in showing that they were not revenue officers, the attitude of their captors changed. A meal of their best was set before them. After this the fiddle and banjo were brought out, and the light fantastic was indulged in for several hours.

The drummers were then blindfolded again and led from the cave. After what seemed to them an endless march the blinds were again removed and they were told that they were on the main road. They were also told that to the informer was death, to go and never return. In the cave were several small stills with a capacity of several barrels a week. The cave had several departments for sleeping. As to where the cave is located Hill and Johnson have not the remotest idea. When they told the story to the natives of the village, where they had left their team, they were informed that this was not the first like occurrence there.

FAMINE IN TEXAS.

People in Starr County Fear Serious Consequences.

Houston, Tex., Feb. 23.—Information comes from the Starr county section of the state to the effect that a famine is threatened there. Ninety per cent. of the cattle, horses and sheep are dead. No crops of any kind have been raised or harvested during the past year, and destitution and great want exists. Many are compelled to subsist on roots, prickly pears, etc.

Even half putrid flesh that has been stripped from the carcasses of dead animals is eaten to satisfy the pangs of hunger. Many persons, especially children, have hardly sufficient clothing to cover their nakedness. All resources are exhausted, and it is impossible to longer assist their fellow creatures.

Ex-Michigan Officers Arraigned.

Mason, Mich., Feb. 26.—Secretary of State Jochim, ex-Auditors Clerk Peterson, County Clerk May and J. G. Clark, of the Detroit canvassing board, were arraigned under the salaries fraud indictments to-day and gave bail.

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The regular weekly statement of the New York banks, issued Saturday, shows a distinct, though small improvement. The loans increased almost two millions, showing an increase of business activity to that extent, while the net reserve showed an increase of less than a quarter of a million. These signs are cheering, for they mean that at last there is a tendency toward increased activity. Still, however, there is a long way to go before we reach the normal state of business. There is a total net reserve in the New York banks—that is, the amount beyond legal requirements, and which would be in active use in good times—within a small fraction of $208,000,000. Of course the volume of money offered in loans is far greater than the demand, and call loans remained at from one-half to 1 per cent, while all the time money any one wants can be had at 2 to 3 per cent.

The factors which have led to whatever improvement that has been exhibited are these: The promise of an early spring, with a favorable outlook for the year's crops—though there must come a decidedly radical change if wheat is going to pay large returns, even with an abundant yield; and there is a notable improvement in the demand for staple articles, which seems to have in it the elements of increase an permanency. That the time has come for a natural reaction from the extreme depression of the winter is certain, but in all industrial lines its progress is hampered by the uncertainty as to what changes will be made in the Wilson tariff bill. The Senate is dawdling over the matter, while every business interest is urgent in demanding a speedy settlement. The uncertainty prevents any arrangements being made for the future, and business men desire to know exactly what the futures conditions in their lines are to be, that they may adapt themselves thereto with as little loss of money and time as possible.

The stock market still remains inactive. The uncertainty as to what will finally be done with regard to the industries concerned in the new tariff bill, has rendered speculation lively in the group of industrial stocks, especially sugar. The railroad stocks were steady and inactive, with comparatively few transactions. The important information comes by cable that the Paris Bourse is considering the propriety of placing on its regular call a liberal line of American securities. Some of our securities are already there, but the proposition is to extend this list largely by the addition of the bonds and stocks of a number of our best railroads, and to add thereto as circumstances shall show it wise to do so. In the discussion of this matter, the distrust abroad of the possibilities of free silver legislation crops out in a proposition to put in the list only those stocks and bonds which are expressly stipulated to be paid in gold, and it is probable that this will be done. There is abundance of idle capital in France, and interest rates are very low, and this step would create abroad a much wider market for our stocks, and thus aid matters materially.

The past week showed a still further decline in the world's price for silver, and the rate in London reached 27 1-2d per ounce, and 60 cents in New York. These prices are the lowest on record. The outlook is that there will be a further decline, because of the status in India. The steady depreciation of the silver rupee in face value caused such distress and loss that the Indian government closed its mints to free coinage of silver, and attempted to establish an arbitrary value for the rupee in exchanges with England. The first failed to stop the drift of silver into India, as it was hoped it would; the second again demonstrated the utter futility of giving value to money by a law. The government was forced to sell Council bills lower than the rate it had fixed, and it is now believed that an import duty on silver coming into India will be the next recouse. This will inevitably cause another fall in the price of bullion; and this process threatens to go on until production is curtailed by the closing of all mines that can not produce it at a profit.

A SLIGHT FALLING OFF IN THE VOLUME OF TRADE.

Bradstreet's Review of the Week's Trade—Iron and Steel Didn't Keep Up the Advance.

New York, Feb. 24.—Bradstreets today says:

The volume of trade shows some falling off compared with the week before, as was to be expected, owing to a holiday, aside from which there are several not unexpected unfavorable features. The recent advance in iron and steel prices based on a more active demand for those metals has evidently been too rapid, and not only demand but recently advanced prices have gone off, steel billets reacting from $16 to $15.50, and Bessemer pig iron being shaded. The recent firmness in wire and nails has disappeared and while there is little doubt a moderate improvement will be maintained in this line of industry during the year, beginning sales are likely to be halting.

Improved cotton sales at Eastern and Western cities are accompanied with explanations that they are due to cut prices, an outcome of which in New England in some instances, is reduced wages of operatives. Print cloths are lower and demand for woolens is as slow as heretofore. Prices of woolen goods are shaded, which results in a slight increase in volume distributed.

Wheat in farmers hands March 1, 1894 (with allowances for under-estimates by the government in its reports of the last three wheat crops), quantities eaten, planted and reported being calculated on customary basis, indicates a total so held of 129,000,000 bushels. The significance of this appears when it is learned the calculation indicates there were 204,000,000 bushels of wheat in farmers' hands March 1, 1893, contrasted with the government total at that time of 135,000,000 bushels.

The government report of the wool clip shows a total of 348,000,000 pounds in 1893, compared with 333,000,000 pounds the year before, last year's clip being the heaviest on record. Believers that supplies of cotton at the interior are much smaller than at like dates in preceding years are calling attention to a decrease in reciepts of this staple of 20 per cent as compared with a like week last year.

The most encouraging feature of the week is a report from Chicago that while store business has fallen off, order business has increased very largely, so that the total volume of transactions in staple lines is fully equal to that of one year ago.

REPORT ON CROP CONDITONS.

What Secretary Rippey, of the Board of Agriculture, Says.

Columbia, Mo., Feb. 26.—Secretary Rippey, of the Missouri board of agriculture, in a report on crop conditions, says: The plant is in a fairly good condition, and under favorable circumstances should make a fair crop of wheat.

Reports of fruit prospects would indicate that the apple and berry crop is in fairly good condition. Practically, all the peaches are killed, except in the Southeast section, where there may be half a crop.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, Feb. 27, 1894.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Feb. 27.	Feb. 20.
U. S. 5s coupons	117⅜	117¼
U. S. 5s registered	117⅜	117¼
U. S. 4s coupons	113¾	113¾
U. S. 4s registered	113¾	113¾
U. S. 2s registered	96	96
Pacific 6s of 1895	102	102

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

As compared with yesterday wheat at the Toledo Exchange is 3-4c higher on cash, 3-4c on May and 3-4c on July. The market was active for future delivery.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 57@57 1-4c, outside to close; No. 3 soft red wheat, 55 1-4c; rejected No. 2, 52c.

May wheat, 59 1-2c, 60c, then 59 7-8c; July, 61c, and finally 61 3-4c.

Prices of wheat to-day:

Feb.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	....	....	....	57¼
Detroit	....	....	....	57½
Chicago	....	....	....	57½
St. Louis	54⅝	54⅞	54⅝	54⅞
May—				
Toledo	59⅝	60	59⅛	59⅝
Chicago	59	60	59⅛	59⅝
New York	63⅝	64	63⅛	63¾
St. Louis	56¾	57	56⅛	56⅞

July wheat at Chicago opened at 61⅛c, rose to 62¼c, and closed at 61¾c.

Corn—Dull, Steady.

There was but little done in corn; prices held steady. No. 2, 35 3-4c; No. 2 yellow, 36 1-2c.

Oats—No. 2, 30 1-2c.

Rye—No. 2, 49c.

**Clover Seed—Active, Higher.